

LIFE

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1,500 Disney employees
in front of
Cinderella Castle



OCTOBER 15 • 1971 • 50¢

Your daughter...
she's going to buy a little car.
They're all the same...and all different.
What are the differences that count?



When we designed the Pinto, we figured the four most important things about a car are how it accelerates, how it stops, how it steers, and how long it lasts.

Your daughter, like the rest of us, is going to drive on freeways. It's important to her to be able to get into traffic quickly—and pass without hesitation. So we gave the Pinto a dependable, strong, light weight iron engine (it gives you more horsepower, for example, than the leading import).

On a turnpike, or anywhere else, you need a car that will stop fast and straight. Pinto has big self-adjusting brakes. Again, a significant difference from little cars like the leading import.

Steering should be precise and responsive. Pinto,

alone among the popular small cars, has a precise rack-and-pinion steering, a system so effective you'll find it on expensive sports cars like Porsche and Ferrari.

You want a little car, in the first place, because it'll save money. The real test of saving is how long the car will last. That's why we didn't stint on key parts like the drivetrain, rear axle, starter motor, ball joints, and shock absorbers. They're all strong enough for cars bigger and heavier than a Pinto.

Talk to your Ford Dealer about Pinto. Plain ones. Fancy ones. Pintos with dress-up options as shown here. He's got them all for you to drive. Better idea for safety: Buckle up.



Pinto Runabout

P
Pinto
Different where it counts.

Magnavox creates four startlingly original shapes for stereo sound:

If you go for clean, simple lines and the sheer, unadorned beauty of great contemporary styling, just feast your eyes on this page.

We call this shapely group of Magnavox stereo console creations The Stereorama Collection.

As for the shape of the sound, it's typically Magnavox. Which is to say, simply magnificent.



LONG
"The Continental"
is an FM/AM
radio-phonograph-
tape player
with powerful
air-suspension
speakers
on either side.
What sound!

SHORT
The innards of
"The Campaign Chest"
are an FM/AM
radio-phonograph;
in its lid,
two air-suspension
speakers.
Not a square inch
wasted.

TALL
"The Etagere"
not only offers
a superb stereo
FM/AM
radio-phonograph
on the bottom,
but also the option
of a tape player
or TV on top!

SLENDER
What holds an
FM/AM radio,
an 8-track
tape player,
a pair of
air-suspension
speakers—
and is only
3½ ft. high?
"The Pedestal,"
that's what!

This One



DK70-LU9-4SH5

One thing you don't have to leave behind is your Blue Cross protection.

That's one of the unique things about Blue Cross. We don't desert you.

For instance, did you know that Blue Cross doesn't cancel coverage because of poor health? We're there when you need us most.

And did you know that you can transfer your Blue Cross protection from state to state if you should move to a new job? Without loss of coverage. You can even transfer from group membership to individual membership if you leave your job.

We recognized years ago how mobile the American people are. So we worked out a system to make our protection as mobile as you are. Under this system, all 75 local Blue Cross Plans agree to accept each other's



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A high speed computer in Chicago handles all the details. Through it, we can send membership information back and forth across the country. From Plan area to Plan area. From one state to another.

Our Inter-Plan communication system does something else for you, too. It guarantees that you

can be admitted to almost any hospital anywhere in the country, just by presenting your Blue Cross card. And be welcome.

This continuous kind of coverage is one of the things that makes Blue Cross health care cost protection unique. You may never have thought about it. Or even realized it was there. But someday, somewhere it could mean a great deal to you.

As America's largest voluntary, non-profit prepaid health care plan it's nice to be able to make this very personal promise. Wherever you need us, as long as you want us, we're there.

Blue Cross
74 million Americans strong.
And growing stronger.

The arms race hasn't stopped

Back in 1962, the story goes, New York attorney John McCloy was assigned by President Kennedy to make sure that the Russians followed through on Nikita Khrushchev's promise to remove their missiles and bombers from Cuba. Not long after, McCloy and Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister V. V. Kuznetsov were sitting on a rail fence at McCloy's country place in Stamford, Conn. "We will live up to this agreement," said the intense, athletic Russian. "But we will never be caught like that again."

In a few months there began in Russia a program of arms buildup and development that, except for a few pauses, has been accelerating for almost a decade. Even as arms limitation talks went on, the Soviet Union has been producing more new weapons and at a faster rate than any nation in peacetime history.

There is a pressing awareness today in Washington about the consequences of the Soviet effort. It does not dominate thinking or even catch the imagination in the way China does (Henry Kissinger had another of his finest hours last week announcing his latest trip to Peking). But it lurks naggingly in the background. In Kissinger's own strategic shop in the White House, for example, they calculate that we have only one more year to try for an agreement at the SALT talks. If none comes and the Russians continue their buildup, they say, in all likelihood we will be forced to rejoin the arms race.

Years ago, when our advantage was huge, some degree of unilateral disarmament by us sounded vaguely plausible. But now even Senate doves grow silent when shown the Russian figures: 550 Soviet ships on the NATO north flank alone; half again as many land-based ICBMs as we have; a nuclear sub fleet that will be bigger than ours in a couple of years. Pentagon officials say they hesitate to release all the new intelligence on Soviet arms for fear of credibility problems. A new program of Soviet missile tests, for example, has just been detected.

The Pentagon's research and development director, John Foster, paces agitatedly in his office and tells visitors that new developments in Russian weaponry are now coming so fast

and are so complex that it is difficult to know how to tell the press and the public about them. They run across the board, the Pentagon charts show: in missiles, planes, ships, undersea warfare, radar. Foster has gone to Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird's office so frequently over the past weeks with fresh news about Soviet advances that finally he stopped and compiled a list. It had more than 20 items on it. Laird and his men then ordered a detailed study of the Russian buildup of the past ten years and a new assessment of where we stand.

Laird, Foster, the admirals and the generals expect to hear of a really major Soviet breakthrough one day soon. The Soviet military research and development budget is known to have been extremely high for years, exceeding anything necessary for mere parity with us. The Pentagon thus considers a development comparable to Sputnik in 1957 or the gigantic H-bomb of 1961 to be a virtual certainty. Suppose, suggest the experts, that one day our satellite pictures reveal in sequence how a high-powered laser beam developed by Russia instantly cuts the wings off a jet bomb-

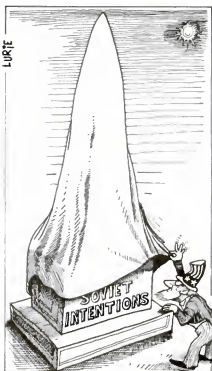
er? Or, they say, maybe we wake up some morning to find that the Soviets have assembled a fleet of hundreds of surface and undersea ships out in the Pacific, capable of preventing America from sending a land army beyond the shores of North America.

In such an event, Pentagon worriers say, a violent political reaction here would turn doves into hawks and hawks into vipers. Nixon's defense budget cutbacks would be denounced as blind irresponsibility, and a frenzy of arms spending would be touched off.

This kind of thinking has brought a new somberness in some levels of Washington officialdom. And the military men who go to suburbs, luncheon clubs and campuses report more receptive audiences now for their descriptions of expanding Soviet power. Not long ago their claims were being contested, even ridiculed.

Even the men most concerned in the Pentagon concede that the United States, with its elaborate mix of weapons, still holds a slight edge over the Soviet Union. Our technology still has a two-year lead. We have begun work on new undersea weapons and a new long-range bomber. Merely to keep up with the Russians, Laird is now planning to seek an increase in defense spending for the next fiscal year, just when everyone else talks of defense cutbacks, reduced taxes and peace dividends. But grim surprises could upset even this kind of planning. At this very hour there are photographs from our unsleeping aerial cameras, say intelligence sources, showing objects and construction in Communist territory that so far have baffled all the experts.

For the last two and a half years Laird has begun each week with his Armed Forces Policy Council, gathering all the top civilian and military men around his conference table to chart the broad objectives. Inevitably, Vietnam led the list. Then one morning a few months ago the group assembled, stood up for the arrival of Laird, settled back in their chairs and scooped up the agendas laid out on the blue felt before them. The first topic on the list was the balance of strategic forces. Vietnam was fourth. It has been that way in Laird's office almost every Monday morning since then.



Polaroid's Square Picture: The money you save on 8



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You save up to 25%* with this film just because our new square pictures are a little smaller than our regular ones. (A 60-second color picture for about the same cost as color shots you wait days for.†)

You take them with our new Square Shooter Land camera. Built-in Focused Flash, new easy distance finder—a fully equipped automatic. Under \$35.



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Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's
you got a lot to like.



Marlboro

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health

GALLERY

Photographer René Groebli meant his portrait of painter Aja Iskander Schmidlin to show the artist as he might have painted himself. Since Schmidlin uses strong colors, with much red, blue and white, Groebli distorted his basic portrait to emphasize those colors. He added other color transparencies—the hand holding the brush, and the texture of the canvas—finally achieving a montage that to him conveyed the essence of the painter's personality and work. The picture comes from *Variation 2*, a new book of the Swiss photographer's color work, and is one of a series displaying Groebli's experiments in what he calls "communicative portraits."





New Mercury Montego MX.

The first personal-size car with a ride that's the image of our biggest, most expensive Mercury.



LIFE BOOK REVIEWS

Private lives of two public people

ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN

by JOSEPH P. LASH
(W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.) \$12.50

Recipe for raising a child: Call her "granny" for her homely features and solemn mien. Instill fears in her—of the dark, of the water, of dogs and horses and snakes. Let her mother die when she is 8, her adored father when she is 10. Place her with her grandmother, in a gloomy mansion, with harsh governesses. Put her in a back brace for two years. Throw in a few extras, such as a ship collision in which the child, amid blood and panic, is dropped overboard into a lifeboat.

Out of such a childhood emerged the most self-possessed and steely-minded and yet gracious and compassionate public woman of her era. How did she do it? In part because her childhood was not a complete disaster—the family that put heavy pressure on her was also a source of support, and several years of education in England made up for the emptiness of her schooling at home. But her escape from the America of Edith Wharton really began with her

marriage to Franklin Roosevelt. His plunge into local politics brought her to Albany, where she got to know Al Smith and Bob Wagner (Sr.) and the "other side" of the Democratic party. His appointment as assistant secretary of the navy in 1913 brought her to a Washington alive with the reformism and idealism of Woodrow Wilson.

But these too were years of strain and despair. Not only did Eleanor encounter in Sara Roosevelt a formidable mother-in-law who used her impeccable Victorian manners to dominate the anxious, insecure young wife and mother. Franklin himself was both loving and elusive. Part gay blade and part dutiful official, he seemed to combine in perplexing fashion the pleasure-loving ways of her father and the rigid puritanism of her mother's side of the family. Her father had repeatedly deserted her; would her husband too? In 1918 she happened on letters to him from Lucy Mercer, her fetching young social secretary. This desertion too she overcame, but only by a supreme effort of will, and at the price of breaking off

her romantic—and doubtless her sexual—relations with her husband.

Much has been made of the effect on Franklin of the polio that three years later cut him off from public life. Its effect on Eleanor was perhaps greater. In order to keep her husband involved in public life—and also as a desperate attempt to have a public partnership with him when she could not have a private?—she became his eyes and legs in Washington, Albany and New York. She immersed herself in union, Democratic party and reform politics. She even followed the campaign trail of Republican Teddy Roosevelt Jr., in a motorcade featuring a huge teakettle spouting steam—these were the days of the Teapot Dome scandals.

The Depression was her real education, as it was F.D.R.'s. Eleanor Roosevelt's role in the New Deal has often been told, not least by herself. What we learn from this book is that the First Lady, in working on the most human side of the New Deal, uncovered the interlocked social problems of

an urbanizing nation. She discovered that the conditions of poverty were so entrenched that only the most concerted, intensive and persistent national effort could free poor people from their bondage. She found that really doing something about Negro oppression called for a national resolution and effort—and for money—far beyond the capacity of her concerned but compromising and harried husband. If the most poignant aspect of Eleanor Roosevelt's private life lay in family trauma, the most saddening aspect of her public life is that we have not acted on these findings of almost two generations back.

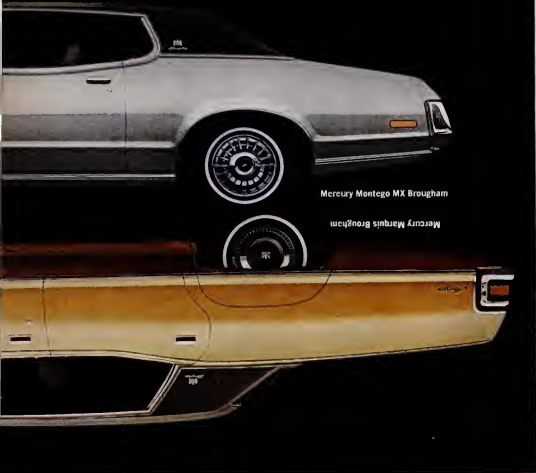
This book by Joseph Lash, a close friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's, is too long (723 pages) and it does not give the internal perspective of Franklin Roosevelt, as it does so well of Eleanor. But it is a grand success, because the author had special access to her records, and because he has laced his vast material with judicious but striking observations on Eleanor Roosevelt's emergence from the genteel, anti-Semitic, racially exclusive world of the 19th century into the personal and public crises of her later years. He has made the education of Eleanor Roosevelt into a noble if heart-rending microcosm of the coming of age of America.

by James MacGregor Burns

Mrs. Burns wrote the award-winning *Roosevelt, the Soldier of Freedom*.

Franklin, Sara Delano and Eleanor Roosevelt at Campobello, July 27, 1920





It's been a long time coming. But now it's here: the ride of a big car in a new personal-sized package.

The new Mercury Montego is almost a foot-and-a-half trimmer than our big Mercury Marquis. But with a ride so smooth and steady it rivals a big car.

How can a car so trim hope to challenge the ride of larger, costlier cars?

The 1972 Mercury Montego has a new wider tread and a high-stability suspension system. The same type of suspension introduced this year on our most expensive luxury cars.

Result: An uncanny smoothness. Plus a remarkable ability to take curves with less sway, less swerve.

And we combine this road-smoothing ride with bone-soothing comfort. In Montego MX Brougham there are new Flight Bench seats, deep foam padding, folding center armrest, rich upholstery and thick loop carpeting. Montego vinyl roof and wheel covers, plus Marquis color and seats (shown) are optional.

Mercury Montego MX Brougham: the best ideas in big-car luxury and ride in a new personal-size car.

That's worth a moment's reflection.

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



A dark dossier on Hirohito

JAPAN'S IMPERIAL CONSPIRACY
by DAVID BERGAMINI
(William Morrow & Co., Inc.) \$14.95

A couple of weeks ago, as who cannot be aware, the emperor of Japan stepped onto the soil of the United States and was welcomed by the President. It was a scene of transcendent amity, unmarred by rude references to surcharges, textile quotas, Peking trips or for that matter to the Great Pacific War, which precisely 26 years and two months ago came to an end following the deaths of approximately 1,000,000 Japanese and 100,000 Americans. Never before in history, perhaps, had by-gones been so resolutely rendered by-gones.

One might ask, in the circumstances, whether anyone could conceive of such a meeting with Adolf Hitler, had he somehow wriggled out of that bunker unsinged? Or with Benito Mussolini, arriving (precisely on time) from Rome? David Bergamini's intent is to demonstrate Hirohito's kinship with these monsters. He believes, and endeavors to prove, that the titular leader of Japan from 1926 to the present was far more than a figurehead, that he was in fact Japan's real leader, ultimately (and often intimately) respon-

sible for many evil acts, including a successful scheme to make the throne-look innocent at the war's end.

Now this of course runs counter to all we have been told, and all we as a nation have done: Hirohito and other members of the imperial family were carefully exempted from war crimes charges after the surrender, at a time when many subordinates were tried, and seven executed. The argument —one generally accepted by historians (and no doubt by the President's protocol officials)—was that Japanese militarists had run away with the country, and turned the emperor into little more than a shuffling cipher governing under the slogan "reign, not rule."

In Bergamini's opinion this is nonsense. He finds the emperor's hand everywhere. As agent for his unbalanced father Emperor Taisho in the 1920s, he is shown hobnobbing with army and navy officers, developing strategies, even doing "practical" research on germ warfare. There are suspicious links between the imperial palace and the political assassinations of the late '20s and early '30s; the Manchurian Incident turns out to have been orchestrated by men close to the throne. Hirohito's uncle is on hand at the Rape of Nanking in a command capacity. Eleven months before Pearl Harbor, the emperor orders planning for a possible attack on the U.S. base. There is "imperial authority" for the Bataan

Death March. Hirohito's brother is involved in the attempted coup by young officers trying to delay the surrender. And so on, a great deal further on. Bergamini's book is 1,081 pages long, and he wastes no space.

It is utterly impossible for anyone not an expert to assess the charges made here, except in very small ways, and very large ways. The small ways include the Bergamini style, which veers between sobriety and Sunday-supplement sleazy, and with Bergamini's use of what may be called the flypaper gambit —get Hirohito within touching distance of some abomination and he is stuck with it. For example: on page 966 "Hirohito approved in principle a General Staff plan for linking the rail systems of Thailand and Burma." This will be the notorious *Bridge on the River Kwai* line. By page 969 Hirohito has "approved a speed-up in the construc-

Hirohito, controversial or not?



tion schedule," which then metamorphoses into "Hirohito's call for haste." A page or so later, after descriptions of the consequent "tabloids of death," Bergamini uses the phrase "while Hirohito's disappointments were being vented on Allied war prisoners." The notes reveal a source only for the first statement in the chain, and that refers to the original decision by Imperial GHQ to build the railroad.

Taking the charges as a whole, however, one must be impressed. To dismiss everything as misinterpretation and/or malice (the author spent the war in a Japanese internment camp) requires either a stone-headed act of will or a knowledge of the subject equal to Bergamini's own. The complete truth of those dark years is probably far more complicated. Much of it lies in the swamp of economics and popular politics where Bergamini, engrossed in personalities and plots, scarcely ventures. But what he does give us is a convincing suggestion of uncertainties in our knowledge of the past. And our view of the future? Even if Japan lost the war, remarked Lord Privy Seal Kido to the emperor back in 1940. "We will simply have to sleep in the woodshed and eat bitter fruits for a few decades. Then when we have refurbished our manliness inside and out, we may still achieve a favorable result."

by Charles Elliott
LIFE Copy Editor

Let the Editors of *TIME-LIFE BOOKS*



It's yours for a 10-day free trial as your introduction to the

In *Ecology*, you'll discover why this newest of the natural sciences may be the most important one of all... for unless man learns to coexist with the other animals and even plants, he may not exist at all. Author Peter Farb, noted consultant for the Smithsonian Institution, points out with vivid examples what happens when man upsets the ecology of an environment...

• *The gypsy moth, now the target of multi-million dollar extermination campaigns in the U.S., is a European insect that escaped from its cage in Massachusetts where a French scientist planned to cross it with a silkworm.*

• *For its beautiful orchidlike blooms, the showy water hyacinth was imported into New Orleans. The tough and fast-growing plants sometimes bring river traffic to a standstill in that state.*

• *Introduced into Australia to provide food and pelts, a single rabbit colony turned into a rampaging horde that nearly destroyed that country's grasslands.*

• *English settlers introduced hundreds of species of plants and animals into New Zealand with disastrous results. European watercress grows to gigantic size there, choking the channels of rivers. European animals have destroyed more than half of the original New Zealand forest.*

• *When the buffalo herds of the American West were exterminated in the 1800's, the ecology of the rich grasslands broke down, turning fertile areas into barren wastelands.*

Ecology is absorbing and timely reading for anyone concerned with the quality of our environment.

'Magnificently illustrated,' writes *The New York Times*. And indeed the graphics of *Ecology* are striking. To show every aspect of this important story, the Editors of

TIME-LIFE BOOKS have chosen more than a hundred unusual color and black-and-white photographs and commissioned page after page of color illustrations expressly for *Ecology*. For example, with the aid of color pictures, you'll be able to see closeup the entire ecologic community of a rocky shoreline... just how plants and animals, periodically submerged by tides, hold their places against the sea. In both pictures and text, you'll gain fresh insights into the interrelationships of life... how animals compete tooth-and-claw or co-operate through mutual aid to survive... how smog and water pollution blights both city and farmland.

Why schools and universities believe an understanding of ecology is crucial.

There are plenty of reasons why schools are emphasizing this new science and recommending *Ecology* and other volumes from the LIFE NATURE LIBRARY to their students. (These volumes have been selected by the state of California as supplementary reading for secondary schools.) In the final chapter of *Ecology* you'll read about America's head-on collision with nature... how the alligator, the Southern bald eagle and almost a hundred other North American mammals are on the verge of total extinction. What man isn't bulldozing out of existence, he is burying—20 billion tons of paper, 28 billion bottles, 48 billion cans, 100 million tires and seven million automobiles are discarded in the U.S. each year.

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Some lessons in growing up

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW

The *Last Picture Show* is about adolescents trying to grow up in a small (and declining) Texas town in the early 1950s. After the usual number of experiments with sex and booze and small-scale physical and psychological violence (and a brush or two with mortality), some of them make it to what passes in this country for maturity.

Familiar stuff, the material of hundreds of novels, autobiographies, movies. And yet Peter Bogdanovich's movie seems to me a very good one. It transcends and transforms its near-banal material partly because it contains, all the way through the cast, some of the best acting you're likely to see this year, mostly because it is so sensitive to the details of time and place without insisting on showing its superiority to them through satire.

I'll admit to prejudice in this matter. I am the exact contemporary of these kids, and though I'm sure we didn't grow up in anything like a golden age, I'm equally sure, on the ev-

idence of my own eyes, that no subsequent generation has any right to feel culturally advantaged in comparison. Mr. Bogdanovich is, in fact, at some pains to place the songs, films and TV shows of our formative years in proper perspective, using them to create a background appropriate to the particular manner in which we grew up, but not implying that the decline of American civilization can be dated from the popularity of Frankie Laine, Johnnie Ray and Patti Page. Conversely, he refuses to sentimentalize this material, impute a value to it that was never present in it. His tributes to this period are sensible ones: he quotes from two of the good movies of the time, *Red River* and *Father of the Bride*, and, cannily, chooses to shoot in black and white and in the best formal manner of John Ford. All of which is a way of saying that the director has a very clear idea of what was valuable and what was not, in a time of mixed blessings.

Bogdanovich's story has two protagonists, best friends played by Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. The latter is the high school hero—a back on the football team, a putative make-out artist, the force around which the gang at the pool hall coalesces, a success within the values of his peer group. His problem, however, is that he can't seem to grow beyond those values. He lusts



Timothy Bottoms, the quiet blocker

—both angrily and moonily, but always with indifferent success—after the class belle (a type whose teasing and self-absorption are definitely defined by Cy-bill Shepherd) and, rejected, drifts away into the oil fields and then the army and, we understand, into a life that will lack distinction because it lacks the habit of self-examination.

In contrast, his friend, the soft-spoken boy who used to block for him on the football team, opens himself up to others, most notably to Sam the Lion (Ben Johnson), an ex-cowboy who owns the town's cultural center—that is, the pool hall, the café and "the last picture show"—and is the repository of the best male values: to Ruth Popper (Cloris Leachman), wife of his athletic coach, who initiates him not only sexually but into the enduring feminine mystery, and to Lois Farrow (Elen Burstyn), mother of the tease and pos-

seor of that wry worldliness we all need to find both early and gently. As has become customary in films about kids, we scarcely glimpse the boys' real parents, but the film's principals constitute what we would now call an extended family, and what the picture says, ever so softly and ever so intelligently, is that the way out of an adolescence that always carries with it the threat of becoming perpetual is through decent connections with those few adults who, whatever their other problems, have at least made this journey successfully and are willing to show and tell what it's like. The movie says what we all know—that too few adults are willing to perform these vital initiatory functions—but it adds a point that, in our present romanticizing of rebellious youth, we often forget, that a youth has to reach out to them, make known in some civil way his pain and need. One cannot speak too highly of this movie's sense of style, of its affectionate but unsentimental rendering of the moods of a vanished milieu, but what grants it a claim to greatness is its precise, humane understanding of how generations succeed and fail in communicating. It is, to risk the vulgar phrase, the one "youth picture" from which all can profit, the one exercise in nostalgia that is not false in detail, in attitudes, in fundamental viewpoint or intelligence.

by Richard Schickel

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Take your car to a participating Delco dealer and have him install a set of Pleasurizers on your car. He'll put your old shocks in your trunk.

Then . . . drive. For 90 days. A full three months to see if Pleasurizers are really as good as we say they are.

If you're not satisfied, go back to your dealer. He'll return your money.

And give you your old ride back.

The more you know, the more you'll want Delco.





Clark Gum will keep these kids happy.

Clark Gum will help UNICEF keep these kids alive.

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You see, for every ten empty outer pack wrappers of Clark or Smile Gum you send us, we'll contribute 5¢ to UNICEF.

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Millions of children around the world depend on UNICEF aid, so in addition to your regular contribution to UNICEF this year, "Trick-or-Treat" with Clark Gum.

And if you could see how the money helps children around the world, you'd wish Halloween came more often.



Send your empty outer pack wrappers to "Treat of Life," U.S. Committee for UNICEF, P.O. Box 4333, Clinton, Iowa 52732. The UNICEF Campaign ends November 15, 1971.

Offer also good in Canada.



Help Clark help UNICEF!

Clark and six other nationally known brands have joined together in the "UNICEF Treat of Life" promotion. Watch for details in an advertisement in the October issue of Reader's Digest.

The U.S. Committee for UNICEF welcomes your support of this program, although no UNICEF endorsement of any product is intended.



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She's as free as a breeze and looks it. It's her first year away at school and she's making her own decisions. There's a confidence about her that a lot of today's women have. One of the reasons is Tampax tampons. They give her the complete, comfortable protection she needs, right from the start.

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Be as free as you want to be — use Tampax tampons.

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DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR
NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

TAMPAX® TAMPONS ARE MADE ONLY BY
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LIFE SPECIAL REPORT

Frog wars and blackbird explosions

An archaeologist can take his sweet time about looking into a Boy Scout's discovery of a Neolithic kitchen midden. But by the time an off-duty meteorologist gets a flash about a spectacular fireball, it's long since gone. Evidently this has rankled the scientists of the Smithsonian Institution, and they have done something about it. In an out-of-the-way office on the outskirts of Cambridge, Mass., two miles from the institution's satellite-tracking Cambridge installation, five men and women operate its Center for Short-lived Phenomena, an installation right out of an Arthur C. Clarke novel. We are all short-lived phenomena, of course, but the center concentrates on those brief happenings that are likely to be of interest to scientists. Ignoring the Fugs, George Jessel's loves, the Maharishi, the Smithsonian five operate a worldwide communications web that monitors the natural environment to collect and speedily disseminate information about such phenomena as an irruption of blackbirds in North Carolina, the sudden disappearance of a glacial lake in Alaska, a war of frogs in Malaysia. But so far nothing in China: the global early warning system has no eyes or ears there.

In 148 other countries, however, the center has 2,500 volunteer "correspondents" who phone or cable to alert Cambridge when a short-lived event occurs in their area.

To be eligible for the center's attention, an event must be unpredictable and natural rather than man-made. Pollution and oil spills—although not natural and, unhappily, not all that short-lived—are included because of their severe effect on nature. If the occurrence appears to be of scientific interest, the center uses its satellite-tracking communications system, teletype, telephone and the service of U.S. embassies to inform the world's professional and amateur scientists, while gathering more details from observers on the scene.

Researchers specifically interested

are alerted immediately and often are able to head for the scene while environmental changes are still occurring. On two occasions last year, when fireballs were sighted hurtling toward the earth, aircraft went up so fast they were able to collect dust particles shed by the balls when they entered the atmosphere, still loaded with nice fresh isotopes to add to our knowledge of the universe.

The center was conceived after an underwater volcano erupted off Iceland in 1963 and began to form a new island. Icelandic scientists, with the help of the U.S. Navy, were able to get in touch with an unusual number of research teams, who converged on the new island to study plant and animal evolution.

Pleased by the results of hot pursuit of ecological evolution, one of the navy scientists, Dr. Sidney Callier, began to wonder if there weren't a way to develop a formal alert system. When he joined the Smithsonian, he suggested using its satellite-tracking system and its elaborate radio and cable network to establish an early warning system for natural phenomena. The center went into operation in January 1968.

Sometimes the center picks up events that turn out to be not so short-lived. The blackbird irruption at Scotland Neck, N.C. was discovered during the center's first year, when a reporter arrived saying that two to three million blackbirds were congregating in a 40-acre wood next to a housing development. The flock has returned yearly and has multiplied until last fall it was estimated at six to eight million birds. Bird droppings lie inches deep underneath the dying trees and pollute the local canals, the stench from live and dead birds prevents human residents from using their yards.

An "irruption" usually occurs when favorable food and weather conditions encourage an unusually large number of young to be born. In Australia, when good soil and weath-

er enabled more young mice to survive the winter and an ample crop fed them through the summer, the house mouse reached plague proportions and in late 1969 they literally overran the state of Victoria, averaging 200 mice per acre.

Glacial lakes, on the other hand, never erupt, they just disappear—and rapidly. They drain into nothingness almost overnight, sometimes causing serious floods. When Lake Linda in Alaska showed signs of vanishing last August, one of the center's trained correspondents was on the scene to record and photograph the event for the first time in history.

In his haste to pass on word of odd phenomena, the center or its correspondents may sometimes misconstrue what is happening. When pandemonium broke out among thousands of frogs in a small pond in Malaysia, the violent activity and numbers of dead frogs led to the report of a war between two varieties of frogs. When a zoologist from the University of Malaya visited the site after the Six-Day "War," he found tadpoles and eggs in the pool and deduced that what had looked like war had really been love. The frogs, it appeared, had taken to breeding so enthusiastically that their noise attracted other frogs and toads, and poisonous excretions from the toads killed some of the frogs.

In its three years the center has reported 328 different short-lived phenomena and has become the major central repository for information on such events. Under its director, Robert Citron, it will enlarge its scope next March when the first Earth Resources Technology Satellite goes into orbit. The satellite will be used for instantaneous environmental surveillance.

Oil spills will be of particular interest. Information is needed on their sources, size, movement and how they dissipate.

In ten or 15 years, stationary satellites may have replaced many of the center's 2,500 sets of eyes and ears. But for sheer drama they're not likely to equal that excited 1969 phone call from the outbreak: "The house mouse has taken over Victoria!"

by Sue Wymelenberg
LIFE Boston Correspondent

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Muppets Sherlock Hemlock (right) and Ernie, two of the BBC's Sesame Street targets.

LIFE TV REVIEW

Wrong way down Sesame Street

What are we to make of the BBC's refusal to show *Sesame Street* to English children? According to the *New York Times* on Sept. 8, *Sesame Street* was "banned" by the BBC because Monica Sims, head of children's programming, worries about its "authoritarian aims," its "middle-class attitudes," its U.S. slang, its hard-sell ad technique for teaching numbers, letters and words, its "passive" educational approach. "Right answers," said Miss Sims, "are demanded and praised, and a research report refers to the program maker's aim to change children's behavior. This sounds like indoctrination and a dangerous use of television."

Three days later David Webster, a BBC representative in the U.S., wrote a letter to the *Times* to clarify BBC's position. A tenth of BBC-1's pro-

gramming is devoted to children, he explained; to add *Sesame Street* would mean "destroying some of our existing programs." On Sept. 12, Fred Hochinger in the *Times* summed up criticisms of *Sesame Street* heard here and abroad which might have accounted for the BBC attitude. One was that the program "tries by way of funny sketches to promote such virtues as honesty and cleanliness, in the view of some critics an imposition of middle-class—the majority as differentiated from the ghetto culture." Personally, I was unaware that lying and dirt are considered virtues in the "ghetto culture."

Well, the BBC is having its troubles. Proposals abound in Britain for some sort of broadcasting advisory council to keep an eye on the corporation, especially after the perverse

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string section. A brass band. And for your grand finale, you could give a command and have electronic cha-cha beats, rock drums, rumba rumbles, or waltz rhythms back you up.

Now maybe a Toscanini you're not. But why should that stop you from having a ball with a Yamaha Electone Organ?



YAMAHA

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editing of programs like *Yesterday's Men*, a documentary on former members of the Labour government that made Harold Wilson appear only slightly more foolish than he really is. And *Sesame Street* can take care of itself. It will be seen by some English children, every Saturday for 30 weeks in London—on ITV, the BBC's commercial alternative. If it succeeds, ITV may take on daily, nationwide telecasting of the program, which might bring it into direct competition with two American imports the BBC approves of—*Huckleberry Hound* and *Yogi Bear*—as well as the BBC's own *Play School*, a children's series so dreary it's no wonder Miss Sims worries about *Sesame Street*.

But the drivel about *Sesame Street*'s "authoritarian aims" continues on both sides of the Atlantic. Maybe it's in the nature of educationists to poor-mouth any idea they didn't dream up, and in the nature of critics of education to get apoplectic about lack of perfection—their kind of perfection, serving their particular aims, which are never of course authoritarian. McLuhanoids object to anything that might help children learn to read, print-culture being such a reactionary drag. Esaleners are so busy climbing into each other's bathtubs to scrub off their inhibitions that any endeavor presupposing "right answers" looks like an intolerable psy-

chic repression. Hustlers of "ghetto culture," black and white, have elevated a miserable condition into a whole new principle of apprehension, a way of thinking that doesn't need to count or to communicate with the other 80% of the country.

Sesame Street isn't perfect. It isn't a substitute for day-care programs, Head Start, open schools, enriched environments, social justice. Obviously, parents and teachers should be using it as a supplement or a launching pad for a more personal educational experience in the home and classroom. But "indoctrinating" preschool children with the alphabet and numbers isn't immoral; at the very least it will prepare them to count their change and read the want ads—survival skills. What it will not do is employ those children as pawns in an ideological chess game. It is a modest and amusing step in the "right" direction: television for children that neither bores them to distraction nor clubs them into insensibility. If we hate ourselves so much that we end up blaming the lack of decency in the world on the hideousness of our decent instincts, then we are obliged to hate *Sesame Street*, too. Otherwise, we should cherish it, and look around for other ways to put those decent impulses to work.

by Cyclops

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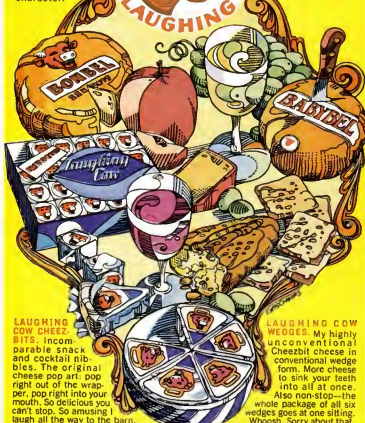
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LETTER FROM ROME

The little bike of Don Eraldo

I certainly wouldn't want to scrape around in metaphysics, but there does seem to be this thing about carpenters and socio-religious conflict. In my little village the whole pecking order was thrown into disarray last year when a slightly overweight carpenter named Sergio won the men's singles tennis championship from the impeccably clad son of the *commendatore*. The scales of historic justice were nudged back toward neutral a few weeks back when the parish priest of a village called Ferrere (pop. 1,316) up near Turin beat the local carpenter in a blatantly political bicycle race.

The race grew out of a classic confrontation. In a town like Ferrere there isn't what one could describe as a total climate of intellectual ferment. The local peasants dig up fine white truffles for sale and raise excellent grapes from which they make the red wines *barolo* and *barbera* and the Italian champagne *Asti Spumante*. But the world of ideas? *Niente, signore*. Don Eraldo Armosino, 51, tall and trim and handsome and celibate, found in eight years as parish priest that there was only one man in town with whom he could discuss the really big issues, the role of the church in the modern state, the marital status of priests and nuns, the need for fiscal reform in Italy, birth control, reform of education, taxes. That man was muscular Doro Trichero, 42, carpenter and labor organizer by trade, a leftist in politics. Doro Trichero doesn't belong to any political party but he holds very strong views and he loves politics with such a passion that, he said, "I could spread them twice a day on my pastasciutta." Don Eraldo on the other hand is a passionate Christian Democrat.

Their arguments were epic. People whose TV sets were out of order took to going to the local restaurant, the Stella d'Italia, to hear the two have at each other. Mostly the audience couldn't understand the issues, but they liked the passion.

Last June the two friendly enemies, possibly exhausted from lack of sleep, hit upon a Partisan solution: they would have a bicycle race, six kilometers long, and whoever lost would have to shut the hell up about politics for one full year. Don Eraldo the priest had never been on a bicycle in his life. Doro Trichero rode one all the time. In addition, Don Eraldo was 51 and Doro Trichero was 42. Trichero offered a handicap: 1,500 meters, a kilometer and a half, advantage to his learned (and non-bike-riding)



polemical foe for the proposed course.

To both men's astonishment, the date of the race became a sort of *feast* in Ferrere. One hundred avid supporters of the priest (turned up from his neighboring hometown of Tigliole, and an even bigger group came from Trichero's village of Piana di Ferrere. The priest's supporters prayed a lot. So did his mother, 82, who retired inside the parish house and locked the door and refused to come out. "My son has never been on a bicycle in his life," said the good lady. "I tried to talk him out of it, but he told me he had to do what he had to do. A stubborn man, my son."

At race time, 4 p.m., there were 7,000 people lined up near the white chalk line which marked the starting point outside the village wine cooperative. Doro Trichero turned up on time clad in professional bike racer's togs. The priest didn't show. There were murmurs in the crowd.

"You wait, our Parrocchio will be here," said the faithful. Sure enough, two hours late, the priest arrived with the explanation that he had been summoned to open a folk fair in a nearby village and then he had to say Mass. "Duty comes first," he pronounced piously. He had stopped at home to change into sandals, black socks and a black-and-white-checked sports shirt. He got onto his borrowed bike, wobbled briefly, and at the sound of "Go!" he went.

He went so fast that he won the race by two minutes.

The carpenter, who had been closing fast, got off his bike panting and announced that perhaps he was out of condition. The priest, he said, was a kind of devil. "Have you ever seen a devil on a bicycle?"

As Don Eraldo was carried off in triumph on the shoulders of his supporters, Trichero intoned solemnly that he was "maybe the best priest in Italy, maybe the best in the whole world."

Mark this down. One year and ten minutes from 6 p.m., Aug. 16, 1971, they may be selling tickets in the Stella d'Italia for the resumption of the hottest arguments west of Eden.

by Dora Jane Hamblin

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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Poetry soaked in absinthe

VERLAINE
by JOANNA RICHARDSON
(The Viking Press) \$10.00

As uniquely French as noble wines and petty politics is the *poète maudit* or accursed poet. Our occasional E. A. Poes or Hart Cranes are mere Harold Teens and Dink Stovers compared to the great line of French *poètes maudits*, reeling all the way from 15th-century Villon to 19th-century Verlaine.

Consider the career of the latter, as it emerges from this compassionate but clear-eyed biography by the learned English Francophile, Joanna Richardson. From his father, Verlaine inherited a tendency to violence, alcoholism and religion. His mother found a different, if not better, use for alcohol—she kept the pickled fetuses from earlier pregnancies in bottles in a cupboard.

Practically from birth, Verlaine looked like a debauched Socrates. Later witnesses saw him as a "fat skeleton" or a "vicious monk," but by then he was succumbing to the combined ravages of gonorrhea, syphilis, endocarditis, diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver and other souvenirs of a lifetime's passion for absinthe and avoidance of clean living.

Toulouse-Lautrec's famous absinthe drinker just looks glum and a bit green about the gills, but the effect of the drink on Verlaine was to bring out a latent streak of violence which on one occasion made him try to stab his mother, on another to hurl his infant son against the bedroom wall, and, in the most notorious incident of a not uneventful life, to shoot his fellow *poète maudit*, absinthe-freak and lover, Arthur Rimbaud, in the wrist.

Verlaine's mother and baby didn't press charges, but his wife, a sober-sided Mme. Bovary *manquée*, left him after 14 months of marriage, and shooting Rimbaud won Verlaine 18 months of solitary confinement in a Belgian jail, from which he emerged a devout Catholic and more of an alcoholic and pederast than ever.

Imprisonment and religious conversion inspired the poems in *Sagesse*, among Verlaine's finest and among the finest religious poems of the century, although contemporary readers were suspicious of their intensity. Verlaine, who reasonably felt himself the most abandoned of sinners, was considered insufficiently gentlemanly when addressing his God.

And indeed, thereafter Verlaine was always chasing Rimbauds, but no



Rouault's lithograph of Verlaine

successor matched the blue-eyed "exiled angel" of Verlaine's inspiration, and such was his disillusionment that he eventually switched back to heterosexuality. But, as Miss Richardson notes in the understatement of the decade, Verlaine was "not inspired by domesticity." His late years were spent in a series of bleak hospitals or bummer around cafés.

For a brief period Verlaine tried teaching in two English boys' schools, an episode so bizarre in the annals of career-counseling that one is surprised that the worst that happened was that he developed an odd passion for Victorian hymns and was once socked in the head by one of his charges with a rock concealed in a snowball.

None of this would matter very much if Verlaine didn't also happen to be one of the supreme lyricists in French poetic history. His early *Fêtes galantes*, which inspired some of Debussy's finest songs, are exquisite evocations of a Watteauesque 18th-century never-never land. For a few francs a line he turned out lines like:

Il pleure dans mon coeur

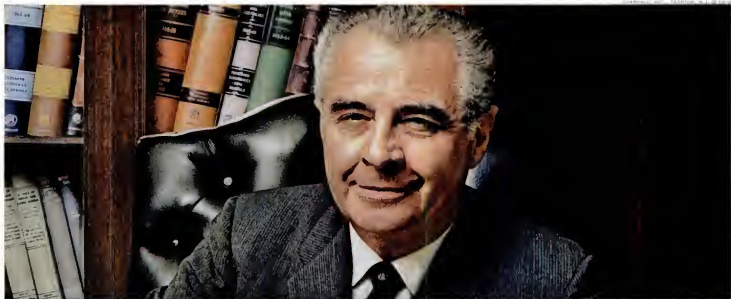
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
or the one T. S. Eliot filched for *The Waste Land*:

Et à ces voix d'enfances, chantant dans la coupole! Such music is essentially untranslatable, and Miss Richardson does well to leave the poems in French. But she also neglects to say much about them as poems, the one failing in an otherwise exemplary literary biography.

Why write a biography of Verlaine at all? The American poet E. A. Robinson thought that only "long-clawed scavengers" could root about the sordid life of a "sick satyr" like Verlaine, but Miss Richardson proves him wrong. There is neither lip-smacking nor moralizing as she probes the repellent facts of Verlaine's life. Only a sense of awe that through the alchemy of art such poetic flowers could spring from such a moral dunghill.

by Richard Freedman

Mr. Freedman, an author and critic, teaches English at Simmons College.



“Maybe you don’t need a raise,” I said, “since you already live better than I do.”

Good kid, that Henry. Hired him fresh out of school and already he’s living like a millionaire.

I mean lunch at your desk’ll impress anyone—but with champagne?

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Hmmph, that Henry—some people just know how to live!

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Such is life.

SONY'S 11" indoor, outdoor portable

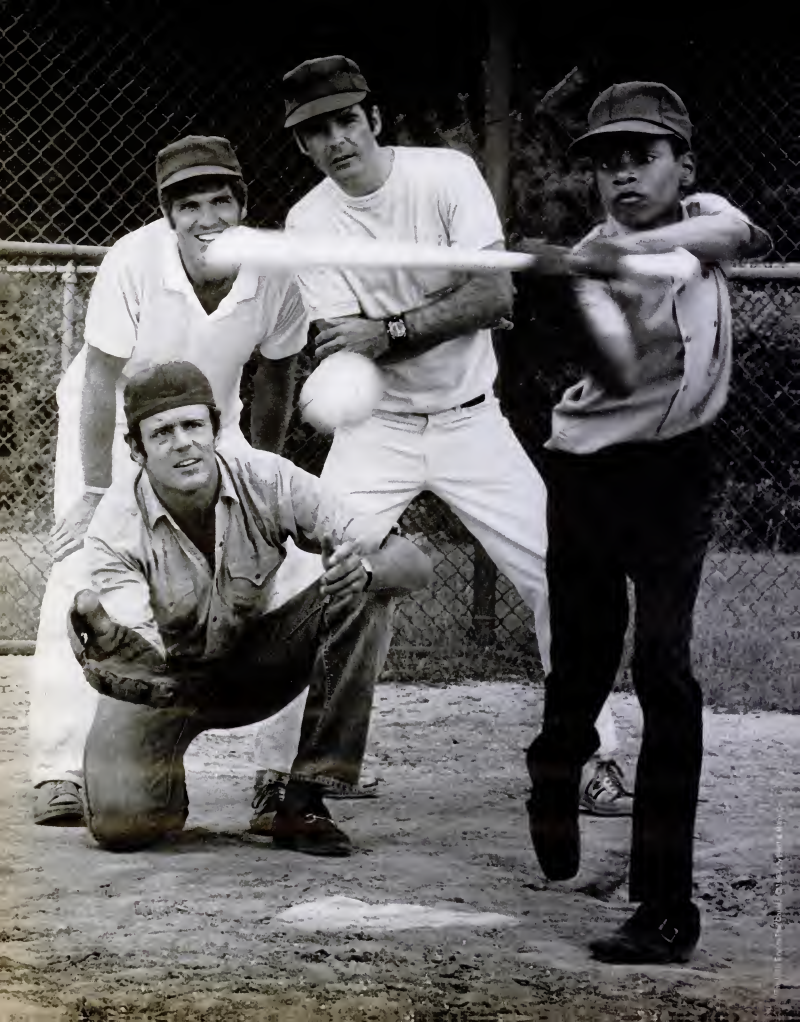


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And elsewhere in the country, other Pioneers will pursue some 700 other kinds of volunteer projects.

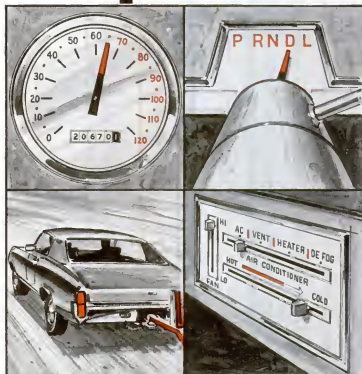
They'll work with the sick, the disadvantaged, the lonely, the retarded, the handicapped and almost anyone who needs help.

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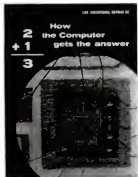
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For the same reason you drink
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Maybe it'll even teach the teacher



Even though you may understand how a computer operates, making it clear to your students is quite another matter. Doing so is a challenge that even people who work with computers have been unable to answer.

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in color to graphically demonstrate just what goes on inside a computer as it solves a simple problem in arithmetic. And the text explains the process in clear, step-by-step progression.

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344

LIFE COMMENT

Never trust a shaver under 30

BEARDS

"I'll bet you don't know the most crucial question a young man asks is a job interview.

"What are the chances for advancement?" No. He used to ask that ten years ago.

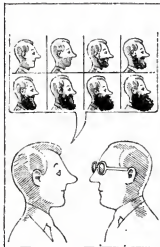
"Fringe benefits?" You're really out of it if you guessed fringe benefits.

"Do we work on Saturday?" No. He doesn't ask that. He just says, "I don't work on Saturday."

The most crucial question a young man asks is, "Can I grow a beard?"

I'm absolutely certain of this because 97 young men have asked me, and I've given 96 wrong answers.

The fact is, you are just not able to run any kind of business today un-



less you learn how to argue against a beard. Successful company presidents are being retired left and right. Personnel men are taking courses at the New School. College recruiters are seriously shaken up. Because very soon in any interview, they know they will be asked the crucial question.

It has always been difficult getting good young men. But it's never been difficult talking to them. I've interviewed hundreds. I'm comfortable; they're nervous. I know all the questions. I can turn away the hard ones, smooth over the rough ones, and answer in glorious detail the questions that promote my company.

So I wasn't anticipating any particular problems two years ago when I interviewed a promising young man for a sales position. I dazzled him with verbal rhetoric, softly implied a vice-presidency within three years, gave him the "you'll be my right

head" line, when he said to me: "I'd like to ask you just one question that will tell me an awful lot about your company."

("Wow," I thought, "this kid's sharp. What a windup! What timing! What purpose!")

"I'd like to know if I can grow a beard."

Silence.

A weak smile, by the master interviewer.

A glance out the window. A cough. Panic. Mild recovery.

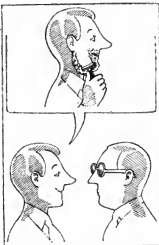
"Hey, that's not a bad question, young fellow." ("Young fellow? What's happening to me? I'm losing my mind.")

"Then perhaps you can answer it." "Well, I'll certainly think about it."

A grin. A chuckle.

End of interview.

Next time, though, I was ready. I talked over our policy on beards



with the senior members of the firm: "What's our policy on beards?"

"On beards? Are you kidding? We're still trying to figure out our policy on pollution. Look, maybe you ought to take a few days off."

Nevertheless, I convinced them that we had to have a policy. And when the next young man arrived for an interview I looked him straight in the eye.

"Our policy is that you can't wear a beard until you've been with the company three years—and even then, we prefer not."

"Why not?"
"Well, because they're dirty, and besides some of the partners don't like them, and . . ."

CONTINUED

The best thing since ice cream is also the best thing since canned pudding.



Cool 'n Creamy® is cold and creamy and a lot like your old friend, ice cream.

New Cool 'n Creamy pudding cups are rich and smooth and ready to go wherever you want them to go.

Which makes them a lot like your new friend, canned pudding.

But unlike canned pudding, Cool 'n Creamy cups come frozen. Thaw in about 3 hours. So they're nice and cool and creamy when you're ready to eat them.

You can put a cup in little Donny's lunch bag. When the school

lunch bell rings, his cup will be cool and creamy.

Cool 'n Creamy cups come in four delicious flavors: Mom and Dad can choose between the dark chocolate and the light chocolate. The kids can fight over the butterscotch and the vanilla.

Next time you're at the frozen food section of the supermarket, pick up some Cool 'n Creamy. In child-safe, plastic cups.

They're the best thing since ice cream. The best thing since canned pudding.

After your first cup, you'll think they're the best thing since anything.



New Cool 'n Creamy cups. From Birds Eye.



BEST BUY AMONG THE PRESTIGE SCOTCHES



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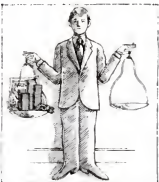
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CONTINUED

End of second job interview.
Also end of third job interview.
29th job interview, 96th job interview.
Ninety-six kids. Not one of them
wants to be a millionaire, and 96 of
them want to wear beards.

Remorse. Humiliation. Failure. I
thought of growing a beard myself. I
started to see beards in strange shapes.
I dream about Grant and Lee at
Appomattox—and Smith Brothers
Cough Drops. The company's profit
showed a sharp dip in the third
quarter. I doodled a Vandyke next to the
bottom line on the accountant's report.

And yes, finally, I changed the pol-



icy. I had to. It was the policy or the
company.

So that when the 97th young man
asked me if he could grow a beard, I
said:

"Absolutely. That's entirely up to
you."

"Well, how does everyone feel
about it?" he asked.

"The company's policy is very clear
on it. You can wear what you want
to. It's a personal decision. Naturally,
there may be one or two conservatives
in the firm who may not find it busi-
nesslike, but they may not find striped
shirts or wide lapels businesslike. And
in spite of their personal tastes they
have agreed to go along with beards.
We're all for it."

"Well, what if I'm working direct-
ly for a senior partner, and he doesn't
like beards?"

"No problem at all. He'll go along
with it."

Smiles. Confidence. Goodwill. Re-
lating to the youth of America.

"Could I ask another question?
Supposing I'm calling on a particular
customer, and he doesn't like beards?
Would that matter?"

(Why doesn't this kid grow a beard
and stop asking me so many ques-
tions?)

"It wouldn't matter to the company.
Naturally we can't control the
feelings of the buyer. If the buyer ob-
jected to the beard we would probab-
ly switch you to another account."

"Do you think there might be a lot

of buyers who would object? Maybe
in the more conservative areas of the
country?"

"No, I don't think so. They're com-
ing around. I think that even if they
didn't like it, they would put up with
it. Look, there's always one or two
of the old-line national chains who
might be a problem, but we can't let
our principles collapse just because
they have some old-fashioned ideas.
Right?"

Silence.

"What about your factory? Would
it have an effect on them?"

"Well, you know, our factory is just
outside Jefferson County, Ala. They
are a little conservative down there.
When I visit I wear a white shirt and
a dark blue suit. I think perhaps we
might delay your visit to the plant un-
til you were more firmly established.



But, look, we aren't going to have our
executive policies and principles de-
cided in Alabama. We might respect
their ideas and try not to offend. But
that's as far as we go."

Interview #97 studied me carefully.
"You know, I might not grow one.
I'm not sure I would. But if I wanted
to..."

"Then you'll grow one."

"I think that's a terrific policy," he
smiled.

Interview #97 came into my of-
fice now and then and we talk. He's
been with us three years and every-
one in the company knows he's going
to climb very high. He still laughs at
our interview and how he argued him-
self out of growing a beard.

Last month he took over some of
the interviewing and after he was
finished he came into my office bristling
mad.

"All of these young fine guys ask
me if they can wear bell-bottoms and
five-inch ties, and I tell them they'll
look like jerks."

So I sat down and had a few words
with interview #97.

by Leonard S. Bernstein

Mr. Bernstein is a maker of children's
wear and poetry. His book, *The Black
Snowman*, came out last month.



They just don't make hearses like this anymore.

If you owned an 1887 horse-drawn hearse, it would look exactly like this one. And if you had to move it across the country, you'd want it to look exactly like this when it arrived.

That's why the man who owns this hearse called Mayflower. Mayflower has been handling and moving unusual things for over 45 years.

So the hearse arrived safely. And on schedule. No scratches. No dents. No problems at all.

And when you move, Mayflower will give you this same special consideration. Because next to you, Mayflower cares most about the things you own.



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Smoke pretty
eve

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

ATTICA

Sirs: It's the same old story, isn't it ("Bloody Monday," Sept. 24): As at Sand Creek, Wounded Knee, and now Attica, brave white men have proved their righteousness by shooting down *Untermyers* armed with the clubs of desperation.

BILL REID

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs: All men, be they free or imprisoned, will fight back while being brutalized, degraded and stripped of their dignity. Perhaps Commissioner Oswald and the staff at Attica will begin implementing programs designed for men not animals.

ART PENNEBAKER

126263

Washington State Reformatory
Monroe, Wash.

Sirs: We will continue to have bloody uprisings as long as guards continue to regard convicts as their own personal whipping boys. Not long ago a friend of mine in jail said, "God isn't dead. He just got shoved out of business by prison guards who took over his power."

WANDA MARK

Englewood, Fla.

Sirs: It's common knowledge that both hell and prisons are pretty uncomfortable and disagreeable places. But after all, nobody *has* to go there.

RICHARD E. HUNTON, M.D.
Greenwood, S.C.

Sirs: Because of Attica, people are asking: "What's wrong with penal reform? Why isn't it working?" They will be seeking an answer—a new system that will assure success. We are convicts and we are elected representatives of the Resident Governmental Council, a self-government system here at Washington State.

It all began with what could have turned into another Attica. In December 1970, after a ten-day peaceful sit-down strike because of justifiable grievances, Warden B. J. Rhyas sat down with our representatives and negotiated the guidelines for an "inmate participation program," a prisoners' government. Now the entire penitentiary, 1,300 men, is involved in self-government. These men are working under the format on which this country was founded, a government of, by and for the people.

It would take volumes to outline the entire program, tell about our successes and, yes, our failures. We have had many problems (and still do) but our government is working. We are extremely sincere in our efforts to not only help ourselves but, more important, to help reform the entire prison system.

JOENNY C. HARRIS

President

GORDON ALLEN

Secretary

Resident Governmental Council
Washington State Penitentiary
Walla Walla, Wash.

Sirs: The lesson to be learned lies in this comment by Dr. Norval Morris ("Reform: It Must Come") concerning the cost of prison reform in terms of federal expenditures: "There are no votes in it either way—for law and order or for prison reform." It is up to the voting public to make sure that there are votes in prison reform, to make it a political issue.

SUSAN WHITEHEAD

Dedham, Mass.

GUEST PRIVILEGE

Sirs: Mr. Charles Yost's "Letter to a Soviet Friend" (Sept. 24) is the best statement of the liberal "dove" position with regard to the "cold war" between the Soviets and the United States which has come to my attention. His logic falls because it is based on the false premise that the U.S.S.R. is a normal world power, seeking only security for its people. The United States, for all its faults, does not aim at world domination.

DONALD V. BENNETT

Laramie, Wyo.

ROCK STARS

Sirs: Hello! Just writing to tell you how much I loved your "Rock Stars at Home" column and your article (Sept. 24). More love!

TAUDY HEGAMANN

Minneapolis, N.Y.

Sirs: Fantastic! I only hope that my parents will read it and discover that people of different generations can communicate and share love.

DOUG KIPPEN

Orange, Calif.

Sirs: Your article brings home the truth of an old adage, "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing." Can any parent really be happy over the antics of one or two of his or her creeps?

BLANCHE STEVENS

Englewood, N.J.

Sirs: The Jackson Five, Joe Cocker, David Crosby, Richie Havens and families had good things to say. The only star whose ideas I am opposed to is Grace Slick, which is unfortunate since she is the only chick you included. That picture of her holding her baby upside down looks flakey.

MERRILEE SNIPES

San Antonio, Tex.

GALLERY

Sirs: The Edward Weston photographs have now become classics for all to enjoy ("Edward Weston's Graceful Images of Nature," Sept. 24). But the sad ineluctable fact remains, were Weston alive today his token would still be adversity. Not one photographer/artist anywhere in the world can exist on the sale of his prints alone. And I seriously doubt whether in a 150-year history, the combined sale of all photographs to

museums everywhere would equal the purchase price of that one Metropolitan Velázquez.

MAX WALDMAN

New York, N.Y.

MOVIE REVIEW

Sirs: Richard Schickel's review of *The Devils* ("Horror Show in a Convent," Sept. 24) was superb. I sat with my eyes closed and my fingers in my ears during most of the picture. Whenever I ventured to look at the screen I was filled with disgust. I should have walked out and left my Nancy to sit it out alone.

ESTELLE AGIN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

ART

Sirs: How can you give a whole page to Jules Olitski's spray gun blasts in the name of "Canvases Brimming with Color" (Sept. 24)? And to think this thing is nine feet high!

DUSTY SPELSEBEG

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Sirs: *Young Phelix J.*, which was "blotted and splattered" by Walter Darby Bannard, is almost a duplicate of my 5-year-old granddaughters' effort in kindergarten, except that she used more colors and her own artistic fingers to create her masterpiece. I remember asking her what it was and she said, indignantly, "A picture of paint"—which indeed it was.

MARIE H. O'BRIEN

Old Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs: Now that you have shown us terrific designs for wallpaper, place mats, paint chips and fabrics, how about some real art?

Mrs. DAVID SCHWARTZ

Columbus, Ohio

LIVING MONUMENTS

Sirs: Arthur Mole's photographs of living monuments of soldiers, sailors and marines (Partner Shots, Sept. 24) brought back memories. My father was commander of Camp Dodge in Iowa and I was there when the Statue of Liberty picture was taken in the summer of 1918. He is the middle man in the front row of the statue's base. At that time there were some 50,000 men at Camp Dodge, getting some rudimentary training before going overseas. I imagine the picture-taking was a welcome break in routine. My impression is that you are right in implying there was no problem of discipline.

WILSON L. NEWMAN

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs: I am standing near the center tip of the shield of the United States. Mr. Mole photographed this from a tower 200 feet high on the morning of Nov. 10, 1918. It was the farewell group picture of the Wolverine Division. The division was ready to depart for the embarkation port of Hoboken. The next

day rumors of the armistice became a fact and our departure was canceled.

RUDOLPH KOIS
Captain, USMC (ret.)

Joplin, Mo.

Sirs: Living monuments such as these are not mere relics of the past. In 1967 I was among 10,000 recruits from the U.S. Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Ill., who were brought to Soldier Field in Chicago. There we were formed into a living flag. We red stripes were draped in plastic trash can liners. Thus we stood for several hours being reviewed by Mayor Daley and other dignitaries, and pondering the strange ways in which our tax money is invested in the defense of freedom.

JAMES A. WEBSTER

Woburn, Mass.

TAKE ME FISHING

Sirs: Take me emotional, but I was so moved by the article about the fatherless boy who advertised for an adult to take him fishing ("A Boy in Search of a Man," Sept. 24) that the tears streamed down my face. Today, no one seems to want to get involved, to volunteer his time. It is nice to me, is what 'soof' is all about.

DOBIE SIMON

Palatine, Ill.

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs: I would like to put straight a few points in the quotations attributed to me during the convention of the La Leche League in Chicago ("Princess Grace Has a Lot to Say about Mothers," July 10). Whether having printed the questions as they were put to me during the press conference, my answers, along with your interpretations, take on quite a different meaning, and have caused me embarrassment.

Your article implies that I am opposed to day nurseries. On the contrary, I am very aware of and sympathetic to the problems of the working mother and in 1965 as president of the Monogasse Red Cross I created an additional day nursery here in Monaco. I also instituted a pick-up service ten years ago for another day-care center. What I meant was that I feel it is a pity to see young mothers who do not work eager to push off their children into nurseries just to be rid of them.

You say that I am "opposed to mothers sharing the child-raising chores, even with fathers." The question asked me never mentioned the word "share," but heavily implied giving the children entirely to the father. Every mother calls upon her husband to help her with her children, even in princely households, but I do not know of many mothers who would be willing to give over entirely the charge of their children to the men. This is what I referred to as "being against nature."

GRACIE DE MONACO
Palais de Monaco
Monaco

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Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing. Several states already have it.

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We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

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THE TRAVELERS

VOL. 71, NO. 16

LIFE

OCTOBER 15, 1971

A wave of new Democratic supporters could
Young voters surge



shake up politics across the nation

to enroll in the system



Across the country, from college dorms in Boston to the beaches of California, the drive to enroll 25 million new voters has gained bandwagon momentum. The young people whom skeptics had all but written off as too cynical or apathetic to make a difference *are* signing into the system. Registration patterns are flouting early predictions that the young voters would follow in the political footsteps of their parents. The margin of new Democrats over Republicans is roughly 5-2, even in GOP strongholds. By many calculations this new proportion is sufficient to unsettle scores of congressmen, overhaul state legislatures and even deny Richard Nixon a second term.

As recently as two months ago, less than 10% of those from 18 to 21 had registered. But now the figures have jumped to 25%, 50% and even 75% in some cities—about the average for the rest of the electorate. Even optimists are surprised. "If we can get these results in an off year," said one enthusiastic Washington, D.C. volunteer, "then I think when the big one comes next year, you'll see a higher percentage of young people than adults voting in some states."

By November 1972, there will be 50 potential first-time voters for every vote that separated Nixon and Hubert Humphrey in 1968. Voting as a bloc, they could swing any election. If registration drives succeed in bringing just half of these new voters to the polls next year, and if they cast ballots 2-1 against Nixon, as the early registration pattern suggests, they will snuff out the President's narrow 1968 margin in nine key states with half of his electoral votes.

In recent state and local elections, the new young voters have shown themselves to be at least as politically active as their elders. In several contests they have turned out in greater proportions than older voters. Several under-21-year-old candidates have organized campaigns to run for local school boards and city councils, and young activists are already trying to win a voice in pre-convention primaries and state party conventions. But they have no unanimous hero in Muskie or Kennedy, McGovern or McCloskey, and there is little evidence that the young will automatically vote the way they register. Far from pledging allegiance to any party, most are registering with the opposition simply because they see it as their best hope for change. Any candidate who strikes the right chord could inherit a decisive surge of youthful support.

Three young people take the registration oath during a Pittsburgh rally at which thousands of potential constituents gathered to hear music, listen to challengers to President Nixon, and register. More than 4,000 were sworn onto the rolls in a few hours.



On the streets and the beaches, mobilizers sign up new recruits

"You can turn this country around," ADA Chairman Allard Lowenstein told a Pittsburgh rally, "not by blowing up toilets but by quietly voting for people who share your views."



Staff and volunteers at Youth Citizenship Fund headquarters in Washington, D.C. coordinate registration drives across the country. YCF has support from both political parties.

In Los Angeles, registration has been spurred by the county's offer to pay 25¢ to volunteer registrars for each new voter they sign up. Gordon Herman, 18 (near right), a Frontlash worker, signed up a pretty new constituent on the street, and Jan Tiekens found a new Democrat, Steve Cole, a 21-year-old student (far right), working on his tan at nearby Venice Beach.



Photographed by **HARRY BENSON**
Text by **DALE WITTNER**

"If this were a voting booth, would you know what to do?" The question, on bright red stick-ons, confronts potential young voters in unexpected places—a broom closet in an Akron high school, bathroom stalls in a Chicago singles bar. The reminders to register add a pinch of whimsy to the otherwise businesslike tone of the nationwide registration campaign, a campaign that has given a fresh sense of power and identity to a generation that until now could test its muscles only in the politics of street protest.

Bipartisan drives, launched by a handful of national groups, have now reached every state in the nation. The Youth Citizenship Fund is working with hundreds of local committees to get out the vote. The National Movement for the Student Vote has targeted the biggest campuses for spot radio announcements and provocative posters to make students angry enough to walk to the courthouse and register. Frontlash, a labor-backed group, is recruiting youthful blue-collar workers wherever they can be found—at factory gates, in ethnic neighborhoods and even on beaches. The League of Women Voters has found the job requires

new imagination and is gamely turning to the underground press to boost voter enrollment. And Common Cause has launched a project to eliminate legal obstacles between young people and the ballot box.

Allard Lowenstein, chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and a prime mover of the 1967 Dump Johnson movement, is the engineer of a barely bipartisan caravan that so far has reached 20 states. Mass registration rallies feature would-be presidential challengers, and weekend-long workshops instruct student leaders in the details of precinct politics and state party conventions.

The unanchored life-style of youth complicates the campaign. Elections this year are few, and many of the newly eligible voters have no idea where they will be next year. In some states they are waiting to see which party's presidential primary will offer them a candidate they can believe in. "Give these people a meaningful choice between the old politics and something new and imaginative and honest in 1972," predicts a 19-year-old Florida volunteer, "and the revolution will go legit."



College towns fear students will seize political control

New voters will have their greatest local impact in college towns, where students often outnumber townspeople. Already the prospect of massive student voting power has created in some towns an atmosphere of conflict between the students and other residents. Townspeople argue that if students are allowed to vote, they could take over, electing their own mayor, appointing a police chief to their liking, raising taxes and voting through expensive bond issues that they will not be around to help pay off. "Let them vote where their parents live," is the refrain in college towns.

Until recently, towns in most states were protected by election laws which forced students either to return to their family home on election day or face the complicated procedure of voting by absentee ballot. Now students have challenged the laws in court, arguing that they pay local taxes and were counted in their college towns in the 1970 census on which congressional and state apportionment is based. Their strongest argument, however, was simply that they would be effectively disfranchised if not allowed to vote where they live most of the year and have the keenest political interest.

State courts and attorneys general have overwhelmingly agreed. In almost half the states, legal rulings have said students who meet other requirements may not be blocked from voting in college towns because of their student status. But worried townspeople in some of the states are petitioning legislatures for stronger laws, and appeals of court cases are almost certain to reach the Supreme Court. In the meantime, registrars in most college towns are taking advantage of the confusion by demanding elaborate proof of residence. In one state, they are even asking students whether they plan to be buried in the town.

"They were glad to have us as long as all we did was spend money to keep their cash registers ringing," said a Harvard undergraduate who had just succeeded in registering at Cambridge despite the tough requirements. "Now I think it's kinda fun to see them squirm a little."

Mayor Chauncey Lang of State College, Pa., where Penn State students outnumber regular voters 4-1, discusses the new student voting power with Ric Chirillo, who mans an information desk for students wanting to register and vote in the college town.





In Madison, Wis., townspeople (above) are petitioning to tighten the state law and force University of Wisconsin students to

vote elsewhere. Four graduate students (below), elected with the help of student votes, already are on the city council.



Already they have swung elections and voted in their own candidates

Young people are not only registering, they are voting. Standing behind closed curtains, they are pulling the levers while the nation's politicians impatiently wait to discover what their new power will mean. In Bremerton, Wash., it means that Eldon Matlock, the 60-year-old school board president, must surrender his seat to 18-year-old William Lynch, who last June graduated from West High School and now will have a share in running it. Lynch's 87-vote margin of victory in the primary, which assures he will be unopposed in the general election, was drawn from under-21 voters who turned out on election day.

The political year 1971 is a warm-up for both the new voters and the candidates. Politicians are testing youth tactics on which their careers may well depend. In a primary in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, an adult running as the underdog for a city council seat tried to capture more than 200 youthful voters in his ward by organizing "rap, rock and refreshment" sessions. But the strategy backfired. Not only did he fail to win the young, but adults who resented the ploy came out in record numbers to vote for his opponent.

One lesson is clear to those who are watching the off-year elections: young people who take the time to register will probably vote. In a special state senate election in California, 78% of the registered 18-to-21-year-olds cast ballots, while less than half of those over 25 showed up.

Most politicians are surprised at the interest the young are taking in local affairs and even in party activity at the ward and precinct level. But many of the leaders of the registration drive are veterans of the early 1968 campaigns who learned some heartbreaking lessons in applied politics. They are urging new voters to do a lot more than just wait for a hero at the top of a national ticket.



William Lynch (left) defeated an incumbent school board member and Walter Sobol won in a city council primary in Richland, Wash. Both are just 18 years old. Another 18-year-old, Deborah Capelle, voted for the first time in Boston's mayoral primary election.







PARTY AT

The great Persian empire of antiquity was in large measure the creation of Cyrus the Great (above), who ruled from 550 to 529 B.C. At its height in the sixth century B.C., Persian power was absolute from the Danube to the Nile and from the Aegean to India and had 40 million subjects—the greatest empire the world had ever seen. Two centuries after the death of Cyrus, it was finished.

The setting sun throws into sharp relief the monumental ruins at Persepolis—and beyond them, the tent city that will house foreign dignitaries on hand for the 2,500th anniversary of the founding of the Persian empire. With careful regard for protocol, the tents have been arranged in geometric patterns so that none takes precedence over its neighbors.



PERSEPOLIS



With thousands of years having gone by since the last really big party, it is understandable that the shah of Iran and his empress, Farah (below), wanted their nation's 2,500th-anniversary bash to be memorable. In this they succeeded even before the festivities got under way this week: the preparations alone are the stuff of legend. The guest list includes 15 presidents, four premiers, nine kings, eight sheiks, two sultans and two vice-presidents (including Spiro Agnew). The VIP guests are housed in 50 tents spread below the ruins of Persepolis, the greatest remnant of the ancient Persian empire. The tents are a fantasy out of the *Arabian Nights*, with bedrooms, salons and kitchenettes, marble bathrooms and chandeliers. Maxim's of Paris, which is handling *la restauration*, freighted in ten tons of champagne and wine (a month early so that fine vintages like the Château Lafite-Rothschild '45 would have a chance to rest), 14 tons of other beverages and 18 tons of food.

Iran now earns \$2 billion a year from oil, and the shah is using that income to fuel his "white revolution," a program of land distribution, literacy and industrialization. He is proud enough of its results over the past eight years to arrange a party so sumptuous that few would pass up the chance to come see what's happening.



Foreign visitors are an old tradition



Immortalized in the friezes that are the glory of Persepolis, an emissary (above) pays homage to a seated Darius. Others (below) bring tribute from their conquered lands.



Darius and Xerxes, the great kings who followed Cyrus in the Achaemenian dynasty, would have felt right at home at this week's party. Darius built Persepolis—and Xerxes expanded it—as a special court where they could receive the homage and tribute of the captive lands within the empire and the nervous ones without. The greatest treasures remaining in Persepolis today are the friezes that show the endless processions of gift-bearers approaching the throne: Susians, Cappadocians, Medes, Elamites, Parthians, Egyptians, Bactrians, Armenians, Babylonians, Scythians, Assyrians, Indians, Phoenicians, Lydians, Arabs and Ethiopians—with tokens ranging from the useful (trousers) to the exotic (giraffes). Most valued of all, though, was gold. Cyrus had founded the ruling dynasty by defeating the wealthy Croesus of Lydia. Cyrus

and his successors were infected with the same gold lust. They hoarded far more than they spent and their parsimony hastened the eventual end of the empire. Before it broke up, the dynasty provided the world with a model for imperial rule, a network of satraps who ruled the conquered provinces but who in turn had to share power with a general and a secretary of state, each of whom also reported directly to the capital. It was as effective a way to head off revolt as has ever been devised. But the administrative efficiencies of Darius and Xerxes were not backed up with adequate military power. When Darius tried to move westward into Greece, he was turned back at Marathon, and ten years later Xerxes was defeated even more decisively in the Bay of Salamis. The empire began to contract, and when Alexander marched in from Macedonia, there was no strength left to stop him.

Kal Kan

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Bring your pets to Walt Disney World. We'll house them, feed them, and care for them at the Kal Kan Kennel Club. Kal Kan is the official pet food here, because it gives dogs and cats good meat protein...naturally balanced for complete nutrition.

WIN a week at Walt Disney World. And bring your pets

Just tell us why you believe your pet's health would be benefited by a diet of Kal Kan.

First Prize: One week EASTERN AIR LINES vacation at Walt Disney World in Florida for family up to 4, including their cat or dog, transportation, meals, hotel and admission.

40 Second Prizes: GAF Colt 84 super 8 zoom movie cameras.

200 Third Prizes: Mickey Mouse watches.

400 Fourth Prizes: GAF Instant Loading Color Camera Outfits, Model 76.

1000 Fifth Prizes: GAF View-Master Stereoc Viewers. Includes 6 reels of assorted subjects.



RULES OF CONTEST

1. On a plain piece of 8 1/2" x 11" paper, print or type a story, in 25 words or less, about why you believe your pet's health would be benefited by a diet of Kal Kan. Be sure to include your name and address.
 2. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to: Kal Kan Contest, P.O. Box 973, Rosemount, Minn. 55068. Entries will be postmarked by January 5, 1972 and received by January 15, 1972. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.
 3. Entries will be judged on the basis of picturesque wording (0-40%), application to theme of contest (0-40%), and clarity of presentation (0-20%).
 4. Complete contest details are available at participating grocers.
- NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.**

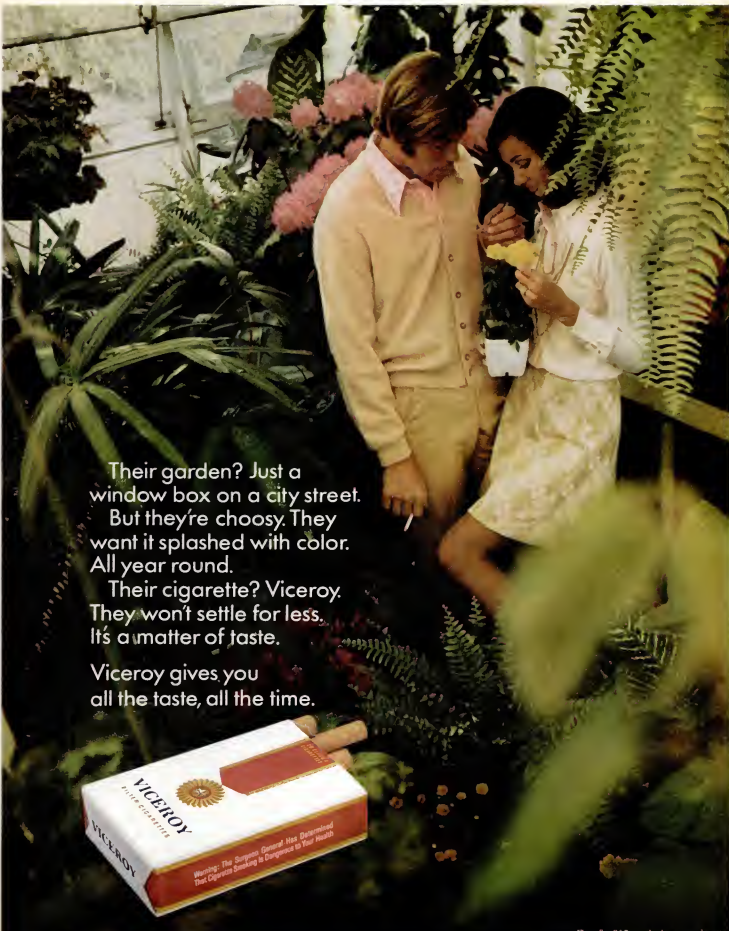


Louis XVI in a tent

The tents that have been set up on the plateau next to Persepolis are fireproof, water-proof, rotproof, all-conditioned and designed to withstand 70-mph winds. Like almost everything else at the party, they were imported from France. The interior decorations, some of them variations of a Louis XVI theme, are a startling touch on the barren plain. The royal salon for the shah and his empress (above) opens onto a banquet room at one side and to their apartments at the other. In the guest tent at right, the table is set with Limoges china and Baccarat crystal designed for the party. When the festivities end, the tent city will be operated by the National Tourist Office as a center for conventions and special events. Should a visitor wander alone through the magnificent ruins, he might recall that Marlowe asked in *Tamburlaine the Great*:

*Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?*



A man and a woman are standing in a lush, indoor garden filled with various plants, including ferns and pink flowers. The man is wearing a light-colored cardigan and trousers, and the woman is wearing a white blouse and a patterned skirt. They appear to be looking at something together, possibly a small plant or object. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a window box or a conservatory.

Their garden? Just a window box on a city street.

But they're choosy. They want it splashed with color. All year round.

Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.



George Allen watches as Manny Sistrunk and Chris Hanburger, two players who were Redskins when he took over, smother the Cowboys' Calvin Hill. Washington proved its strength by upsetting Dallas in the rain, 20-16.

King



Age is on George Allen's side
in Washington

of the Ramskins



In the beginning, Washington fans snidely called them the Ramskins, because new coach George Allen was acquiring so many of the Rams he had coached last year in Los Angeles. Worse, they were mostly old men as NFL players go, and Allen was trading away future Redskin draft choices to get them. But three games into the season, and after nine such players arrived in the capital, the Ram-ified Redskins were pro football's only undefeated team and looking very tough indeed, even without their great injured quarterback, Sonny Jurgensen. Allen could sip his unsweetened grapefruit juice and serenely tell listeners: "I don't believe in building for the future. I believe in winning." That kind of talk is apparently inspirational to veterans like ex-Ram linebackers Jack Pardee, 35, and Myron Pottios, 32, and safety Richie Petitbon, 33, and the six other men over 30 that Allen has in his starting lineup. The indefinite future is no longer what they're mainly interested in.

Allen is as intense a coach as there is in the league. "He takes all the pleasure out of owning a club," Ram owner Dan Reeves once complained. But he inspires loyalty in his players and makes a point of talking man-to-man with each one of them every week, a rarity in pro football. Allen's only serious problem as a coach has been that his teams have peaked early in the season, then faltered at play-off time. President Nixon is evidently aware of this. One evening last week he got Allen on the phone. "Congratulations," he said. "Don't let down."



Washington's strong running attack is led by Larry Brown (above), the NFL's leading ground gainer last season.



The 1972 It not only looks new.

The 1972 Fury is restyled outside. But more important is that we put it together with one result in mind—build our cars to run better, and last longer than ever before.

You see, we think that's what you really want in a car. And this year, more than ever, we're committed to giving you that kind of car.

For instance, this year Fury offers an optional electronic ignition on certain engines. Because we eliminate breaker points and the condenser, this ignition is virtually maintenance free. You can go a long time between ignition tune-ups. And since we built this ignition to

stay in tune longer, it keeps your exhaust cleaner longer.

Hundreds of parts are welded into a single solid Unibody for strength and rigidity. And we protect our cars with layers of rust preventatives and a super-hard acrylic enamel paint. Exterior chrome trim is treated with our new micro-porous process to fight corrosion.

We've done a lot of things to make our cars last. But that doesn't mean we've forgotten the other things.

Like size. Fury is a big car. With room for six adults. It gives you performance. Power without strain on the freeway. Power for passing.



Plymouth Fury

It's built to stay new longer.

1972 Fury Gran Coupe

And Fury gives you a smooth, comfortable ride. But because of its torsion-bar suspension, it *handles*, too.

It's also a quiet ride. Because we insulate the passenger compartment.

The 1972 Fury. We put it together to look new. And to stay together longer than ever before.

"How Chrysler-Plymouth sold me"



"I've never been willing to sell anything I didn't believe in one hundred per cent.

"So I went to Detroit. I talked with engineers, designers, production people. Even dealers, service managers and mechanics.

"I found that Chrysler-Plymouth is committed to building a car with the least possible emissions. A car that's more reliable and safer than they've ever built before.

"And most of all, a car that's built to last. They believe that's the kind of car America wants. And they're dedicated to building that kind of car."

Arthur Godfrey



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.



Mickey opens in Florida

DISNEY MOVES EAST

The new site is Florida, but the air is pure old Disney. Who else could be responsible for this carefully crafted vision of the American past, the intricate, hokey, hugely expensive assemblage of lives and places that never were? Walt Disney World, which opened this month, is \$400 million worth of amusement park, vacation resort and planned model city enameled onto the scrub-pine flats outside Orlando, Fla. The Disney trademark is all over it: the businesslike use of fantasy, the non-sense approach to nonsense.

Disney World incorporates some lessons learned in the original gold mine called Disneyland that opened 16 years ago at Anaheim, Calif. Some changes are minor. At Orlando the vinyl leaves on the Swiss Family Robinson Tree are draped with live Spanish moss. No such decoration at Anaheim. Disney World's 18-story Cinderella Castle is more than twice as high as its Anaheim counterpart and houses a lavish restaurant. Anaheim has only one President, an animated Abraham Lincoln, but Disney World's Hall of Presidents offers all 36 of them—in costume, in motion, and getting along famously.

The biggest lesson Disney's people learned in Anaheim was on the periphery of the park, where a jungle of independent restaurants, hotels and other amusements moved in. "At Anaheim," says a Disney officer, "we lost control of the environment." They also lost control of an estimated \$500 million business created by Disneyland's draw. For these and other reasons, where Disneyland is just over 200 acres, Disney World is gigantic: 27,400 acres. With two Disney-run hotels built and three more planned, with a Disney-run transit system already shuttling the first of this year's estimated ten million visitors around, control of the environment and the moneymaking is not likely to escape again.

Photographed by YALE JOEL

Visitors throng Walt Disney World's Main Street, a flag-waving, lightbulb-bedecked version of a turn-of-the-century American town.



Mickey Mouse, played by an undersized employee who specializes in the part, leads a gaggle of Disney characters through the park.



A WORLD WITH LOTS TO DO IN IT

At the heart of Disney World's 27,400 acres is the Magic Kingdom (foreground), a theme park much like California's Disneyland. A stern-wheeler offers a winding cruise of the Rivers of America in the foreground. The red-brick Haunted Mansion (far left), Cinderella Castle (center) and Main Street (upper



right) are Disney landmarks. The most striking differences are outside the park, where the A-shaped Contemporary Resort-Hotel (top center) straddles a strip of land between the natural Bay Lake (left) and the Disney-made Seven Seas Lagoon (right.) Boats, trams and a monorail passing through the hotel lobby

shuttle visitors around the park. Fifteen miles from Orlando, Walt Disney World aims to be a year-round vacation spot offering golf courses, horseback riding and water sports as well as the diversions of the Magic Kingdom. Disney already employs 6,000 people but, despite its acknowledged spur to the

economy, some residents worry about rising prices, traffic jams, unbridled development and "relatives coming in out of nowhere to visit." The project rates passing grades from many environmentalists, although they fear further land use on the periphery of the project may deplete and pollute the region's water.



GIUSEPPI CAT



JOSÉ CARIOCA



TIGGER



THE ANIMALS STAR ON STAGE AND STREET



PLUTO



MICKEY MOUSE REVUE

The Disney empire, which began in 1927 with a man, the late Walt Disney, and a mouse named Mickey, now includes hotels, resorts, amusement parks, motion picture and TV production, and merchandising. In 1970, the burgeoning company grossed \$167 million. The Disney organization treats its founding figures and all their many descendants reverently, with the highest place belonging to Mickey. His face, a clever blend of flowers, decorates the lawn at the main entrance to the Magic Kingdom. A costumed Mickey leads frequent parades on Main Street and greets visitors. An electronic, animated, speaking Mickey ("Audio-Animatronic" in Disney-ese) leads an orchestra of colleagues in the Mickey Mouse Musical Revue.



BR'ER BEAR



DONALD DUCK
MINNIE MOUSE



GLOOMY CROONER

A melancholy electronic balladeer named Big Al stars with the Country Bear Jamboree. Other new Disney shows attempt to evoke nostalgia ("The Mickey Mouse Revue") or indulge in straightforward flag-waving ("The Hall of Presidents"), but the Country Bear Jamboree offers simply comedy, with 18 electronically controlled bears performing lively hillbilly numbers.

For only \$74.65* more than Vega, Duster gives you this much more car.

The difference in price fades over the months.
 The difference in cars never goes away.

How we got the \$74.65.

	Duster	Vega
Base car (2-Door Coupe)	\$2313.00*	\$2196.00*
Closest comparable engine	—	42.35
Horsepower	(100 hp. std.)	(90 hp. opt.)
Engine cylinder/displacement	(6-cyl. 198 cu. inches)	(4-cyl. 140 cu. inches)
TOTAL	\$2313.00*	\$2238.35*
Difference	\$ 74.65	

Now that you know how we got the \$74.65, we'll tell you what you get for it.

Plymouth Duster is small-enough-but-big-enough.

Duster may be a small car (which is very convenient when it comes to parking, maneuvering, and paying the gas bill) but it's also big enough for stability on the open highway. And big enough to carry five passengers. Vega is a four-passenger car. That in itself may make Duster worth the few dollars difference. But if the inside dimensions don't impress you, go around back and look at the trunk. Duster has a trunk that's 15.9 cubic feet. Vega has a 9.3 cubic foot trunk. The difference is enough for a couple of extra suitcases. Or grocery boxes. Or an extra set of golf clubs.

Plymouth Duster has the power.

There's also a matter of power. So often, people complain about small cars being underpowered. We don't get that complaint from Duster owners. Our standard 6-cylinder 198 cubic inch engine gives Duster more than enough power.

The torsion-bar story.

Duster has a torsion-bar suspension setup in front. Vega uses coil springs. A coil spring works by bouncing up and down. But a torsion bar works by twisting and returning to the original shape.

Resale value counts.

The last thing you'll appreciate about Duster is its resale value. You won't notice this benefit until it's time to sell your Duster. Over the past four years, Plymouth's small cars have been leaders in their field in resale value. And Duster is right up there among them.

Find out for yourself.

No matter how you look at it, you'll find that Duster offers you more than Vega. See one at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. We think you'll agree that \$74.65 is a small difference to pay for such a big difference in cars.

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail prices for 1972 Duster and Vega 2-door coupes with equipment listed. Prices include Federal Excise Tax and exclude state and local taxes, destination charges and optional equipment other than that listed above.

Buy now, while prices are still frozen.

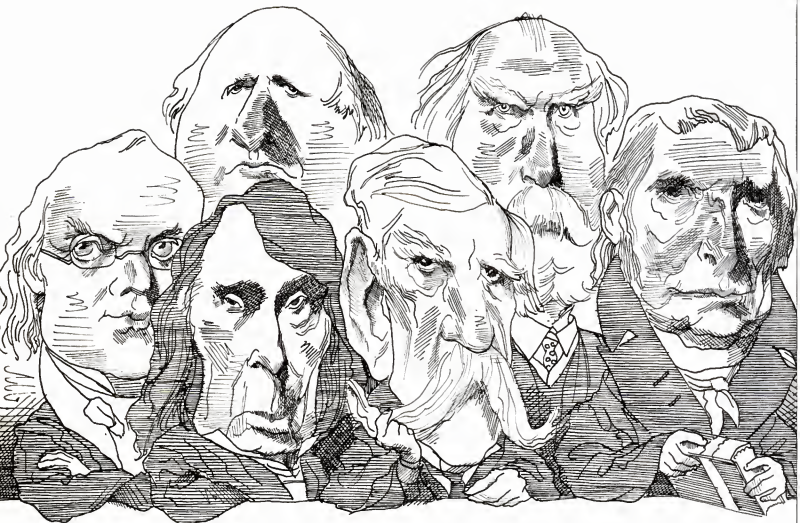


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Don't miss baseball playoffs, AFC Football, on NBC-TV.

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.



JOSEPH STORY

JOHN M. HARLAN I

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

JOHN MARSHALL

ROGER B. TANEY

A poll of scholars rates the men
who have served on the United States Supreme Court

THE TWELVE GREAT JUSTICES OF ALL TIME



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

HARLAN F. STONE

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO

HUGO L. BLACK

FELIX FRANKFURTER

EARL WARREN

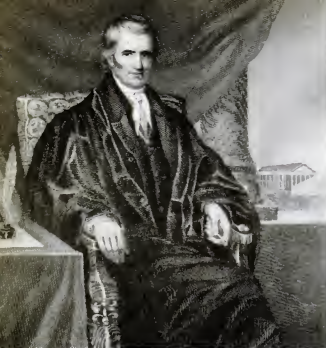
The men or women eventually selected by President Nixon to fill the two current vacancies will bring to an even 100 the number of justices who have served on the U.S. Supreme Court. Recently two legal scholars, Professors Albert Blaustein of Rutgers and Roy Mersky of the University of Texas, set out to grade all the justices on the quality of their individual contributions.

Blaustein and Mersky selected a panel of 65 academic experts to serve as judges. Of the 96 justices considered (Chief Justice Warren Burger and Associate Justice Harry Blackmun were omitted because they were appointed too recently to evaluate), only the 12 shown in the pantheon above were rated "great." Of the rest, 15 were considered "near great," 55 were "average," and six were "below average." Only eight were proclaimed "failures."

John Marshall, who first established the Court's authority as equal to that of the President and Congress,

was the only unanimous choice for greatness. Close behind were Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Brandeis, the Court's most illustrious dissenters. The select dozen includes three recent members: Felix Frankfurter, who died in 1965; Earl Warren, who retired as chief justice in 1969; and Hugo Black, whose death last month after 34 years on the Court created one of the current vacancies. Most of the great justices were legal activists whose opinions expanded the influence of the Court. But at least one, Frankfurter, fitted President Nixon's definition of a "strict constructionist."

The selection of the 12 great justices offers no sure guide to predicting future excellence on the bench. Some were born rich, others were self-made. Some had been politicians, some had not. Some, like Holmes and Cardozo, had served brilliantly on lower courts. Seven of the 12 had no previous experience as judges. But if greatness is uncertain, the study provides definite clues about failure (page 59), a warning to Presidents about the kind of man they should *not* appoint to the Court.



TWELVE OUTSTANDING MEN

MARSHALL (1801-1835)

Among the 96 justices rated by the experts, John Marshall alone was unanimously judged to have been great. Before his appointment he had represented his native Virginia in Congress and had served as secretary of state. At the time of his appointment the Court was generally considered the one branch of government which had failed in its purpose. Under Marshall, however, it emerged as an equal partner. As chief justice he became the Court's sole spokesman, and a forceful one. In 1803 Marshall

ruled in *Marbury v. Madison* that an act of Congress was unconstitutional—a bold move that is now considered to have been essential in establishing the balance of power within the federal government. In the next 32 years, Marshall's Court decided 44 cases involving legal questions covering practically every aspect of the still-new Constitution. But in the sense that he avoided all theories of government, sovereignty and the rights of man, he may be considered the strictest of the strict constructionists.



TANEY (1836-1864)

At the appointment of Roger Taney as chief justice by President Jackson, Daniel Webster reacted in horror: "The Supreme Court is gone." The Catholic son of slave-owning Marylanders, Taney believed strongly in states' rights. But he proved willing when necessary to deny the states' power to obstruct federal processes, and his enormous legal skill enhanced the stature of the Court had achieved under Marshall. The 1856 Dred Scott decision, however, which denied blacks full citizenship rights and helped trigger the Civil War, damaged the Court's prestige.



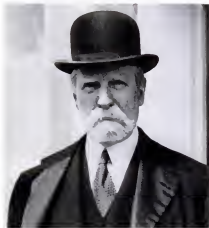
STORY (1811-1845)

At 32, the youngest person to sit on the Supreme Court, Joseph Story of Massachusetts was appointed to balance John Marshall's nationalism. But he quickly became the chief justice's ardent supporter. Story had no judicial experience, but as a state legislator and later as a member of the law faculty at Harvard, he wrote on many areas of the law. He helped to establish the Court as the forum of ultimate appeal, and his learned opinions, often concurring with Marshall's more businesslike ones, were gems of erudition and legal research.



HOLMES (1902-1932)

Although Oliver Wendell Holmes actually sided with the majority in most of his opinions, he is remembered as "the Great Dissenter." The aristocratic son of a famous author, Holmes argued consistently that the law must protect the common man. He shared the bench with justices who were determined to prevent federal and state governments from regulating private enterprise, and his dissents, though lucid and saltily skeptical, generally failed to sway his conservative colleagues at the time. But his liberal, humanistic interpretation of the Constitution did influence a later generation of jurists, and many of his minority opinions eventually were adopted by a majority of the Court.



HUGHES (1910-1916, 1930-1941)

The preciously brilliant son of a Baptist minister, Charles Evans Hughes had been a corporation lawyer and a law professor at Cornell before he was elected governor of New York in 1906 at age 44. Named to the Court by Taft, he resigned to make an almost-successful run for the presidency against Woodrow Wilson. Continuing in public life, he became Harding's secretary of state. Later, as Hoover's 67-year-old nominee for chief justice, Hughes had to weather a fierce

Senate storm over "excessive conservatism" on the Court. He returned to the bench to produce a notable series of opinions that sustained the cause of civil rights against encroachment by the states. An experienced politician, Hughes is credited with having outmaneuvered President Roosevelt's attempt to "pack" the Court. His most famous remark is one which some say he later regretted: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is."



HARLAN (1877-1911)

Grandfather of the recently retired justice of the same name, John Marshall Harlan is best remembered for his vehement assertion that "Our Constitution is color-blind." It was part of his dissent to the Court's 1896 decision in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, which upheld the constitutional validity of separate seating for blacks and whites on buses and trains. Though he had twice run unsuccessfully for governor of Kentucky on the Republican

ticket, he had to endure a month's wrangling in the Senate over whether he was "a real Republican" before he was confirmed. In his 34 years as the acknowledged "workhorse of the Court," Harlan was transformed from a man steeped in the slave-owning tradition into a sometimes harshly outspoken advocate of black civil rights. Attacked on his past record, he once replied: "Let it be said that I am right rather than consistent."



The Corens and the Raffels, upstairs and downstairs neighbors, circa 1962. Friday nights, pizza from that funny little place on the corner. Saturday nights, you could all go to the movies if somebody's car was working that week. Many times you had to stay home. Watching television. The wrestling matches.

"If your friends could see you now!"



'72 Cutlass Supreme by Oldsmobile.

You're on the move now. This Cutlass Supreme is everything you expect an Olds to be. Responsive. Dependable. Nimble on its 112-inch wheelbase. Yet it's roomy enough for six. It slips into a small garage effortlessly and into your budget just as easily.

Standard features include a

front-seat center armrest, rose-wood - grain - vinyl paneling, and distinctive formal roofline. Is it any wonder it has earned the nickname "little limousine?"

And if you personalize it by ordering accessories such as wire wheel covers, air conditioning, an AM/FM radio, or a vinyl roof, you'll wonder why anyone would ever want a big limousine.

For your security, we've strengthened every door with protective side-guard beams and provided an energy-absorbing steering column, padded dashboard, and a long list of GM safety features. And if you're concerned about pollution, its Rocket 350 V-8 Engine will run efficiently, and with lower exhaust pollutants,

on no-lead, low-lead or regular gasolines.

Cutlass Supreme. Because it's beautiful doesn't mean it's out of your reach. Truly an outstanding value, even when it comes time to trade it in.



OLDSMOBILE
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

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BRANDEIS (1916-1939)

The son of an aristocratic Jewish family, Louis Brandeis was a successful activist attorney before his appointment by President Wilson. As a justice he maintained his reputation as "the poor man's lawyer." He fought against trusts, monopolies and other powerful business interests of his day. Together with Holmes, he often expressed minority opinions with such insight and brilliance that they paved the way for later majority decisions. The experts polked admired Brandeis as a solid "lawyer's lawyer," as well as a "protector of human liberties."



CARDOZO (1932-1938)

Although the total vote places Benjamin Nathan Cardozo among the Supreme Court's dozen greats, some experts thought

his comparatively short tenure disqualified him. As a liberal on what was then a conservative Court, he helped prepare the way for future decisions, and he was one of the great judges of common law. Earlier, as chief justice of the New York Court of Appeals for six years, he had built a reputation both for continuously reshaping legal doctrine to modern need, and for the grace and power of his legal writing.



STONE (1925-1946)

Harlan Fiske Stone is considered outstanding for his opinions and his zeal for social justice rather than for his administrative abilities as chief justice. His career spanned two distinct eras of constitutional debate. In his early years on the Court he was associated with Brandeis and Holmes as one of three "great dissenters." Later, as chief justice, he wrote majority opinions questioning the power of the popular majority to control individual conscience and expression. He stated clearly the limits of judicial review: "While unconstitutional exercise of power by executive and legislative branches of the Government is subject to judicial restraint, the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of restraint."



FRANKFURTER (1939-1962)

When F.D.R. appointed him, Felix Frankfurter was generally considered a liberal by his colleagues at Harvard. Once on the Court, however, he adhered to strict judicial restraint. He would probe a case for the fine legal point on which it might turn, often basing his opinions on comparatively minute technicalities. Although he did not repudiate the power of the judicial branch to strike down legislation, he used it sparingly. "A merely private judgment that the time has come for a shift of opinion regarding law," Frankfurter wrote, "does not justify such a shift."

BLACK (1937-1971)

Hugo Black's appointment to the Supreme Court became suddenly controversial when it was revealed that he had once been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. As a U.S. senator from Alabama, however, Black had been one of the most dedicated New Dealers in Congress, and as the first of Franklin Roosevelt's eight appointments to the Court, he eventually became its dean. Largely self-educated, he cut to the core of tough intellectual problems and was not easily sidetracked by erudition. A man of intense moral

commitment, he was revered as a defender of personal liberties, freedom of speech and the rights of "the weak, the helpless and the outnumbered." Yet he called himself a strict constructionist. Explaining his approach to the Constitution, he said: "I believe the Court has no power to add to or subtract from the procedures set forth by the Founders. . . . I shall not at any time surrender my belief that the document itself should be our guide, not our own concept of what is fair, decent and right."

WARREN (1953-1969)

Although Earl Warren became the 14th chief justice without any previous judicial experience (he had been an attorney general and governor of California), he quickly took administrative and philosophic command of the Court. He is rated outstanding more for his ability to pull the Court together and give it a sense of direction than for his written opinions. In his first year on the bench he spoke for the unanimous Court in declaring racial

segregation in public schools unconstitutional. Within a short time the Court so sharply reflected his views it became known as "the Warren Court." Besides presiding over one of the Court's most creative and controversial periods, Warren's overriding concern for individual freedom and his willingness to brush aside legal precedent led to profound decisions in the areas of race relations, criminal procedure and legislative reapportionment.





High School Prom, 1958. That's you with Anna Mae Sherwin. Townsend E. Artman took Aris McCoy. Remember? You borrowed Uncle Weudell's big green Olds. That was a fine automobile. Anna Mae went wild. That was the summer before she left you flat for Dave Huey and his tangier convertible. Wonder what old Dave is driving these days?

"If your friends could see you now!"



'72 Cutlass S by Oldsmobile.

Anna Mae, you and Cutlass S. You don't need a real big car, but you don't want a compact, either. So Cutlass S gives you what you do want, on a 112-inch wheelbase. Plenty of family room. Plenty of luggage room. Body by Fisher.

It's an Oldsmobile all the way. Yet, Cutlass S is young and agile—and looks it. Fastback styling. Sporty louvered hood. Long lean lines.

The Oldsmobile Rocket 350 V-8 is standard—it runs efficiently, and with lower exhaust pollutants, on no-lead, low-lead or regular gases. Also standard is a long list of GM safety features for 1972: en-

ergy-absorbing steering column, padded dash and visors, steel side-guard beams in the doors, dual master-cylinder brake system and more.

Cutlass S shows you that value and thrift doesn't mean doing without. It means doing the most with what you've got. And helps at trade-in time, besides.

Do you remember when you thought any car with the name "Oldsmobile" on it was out of your price range?

That was before Olds Cutlass S.



OLDSMOBILE
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

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At the end of every day there ought to be a time when a man can truly relax.

**If you've got the time,
we've got the beer.**





William H. Taft (1921-1930)



William O. Douglas (1939-)



William J. Brennan Jr. (1956-)



John M. Harlan (1955-1971)



Abe Fortas (1965-1969)

SOME NEAR GREATS

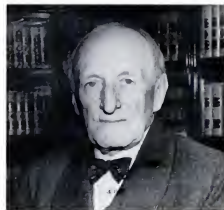
The careers of several justices rated as "near great" were obscured by historical circumstance. William Johnson (1804-1834), the Court's first great humanitarian dissenter, was overshadowed by John Marshall's commanding presence. Samuel Miller, Stephen Field and Joseph Bradley, justices during the Court's middle period in the late 19th century, might be more highly regarded if they had served in a livelier era.

Of the five near-great 20th-century justices shown above, the experts believe Abe Fortas had the best chance at greatness, but a question of ethics (*LIFE*, May 9, 1969) forced him to resign. Taft, who served nearly nine years as chief justice after

one term as President, was an excellent administrator. The experts' opinions on the controversial Douglas vary from "courageous pioneer" to "his opinions are sloppily written." Brennan, an increasingly articulate spokesman of the Warren philosophy, might have been rated higher if his writing were better. The second John Harlan, who retired last month in failing health, is rated a cut below his grandfather, but he is considered a superb technician in the Frankfurter tradition.

The study indicates that cronyism and political expediency are the worst reasons for nominating a man to the Supreme Court. President Wilson is suspected of simply not being able to

stand the cantankerous and bigoted James McReynolds as his attorney general. So he put McReynolds on the Court, where he remained cantankerous and bigoted for almost 27 more years. James Byrnes, an F.D.R. selection who later was secretary of state and governor of South Carolina, did not write one individual opinion in his brief 15 months on the bench and didn't even participate in debate except to agree. Eisenhower appointed Charles Whittaker, a Kansas City politician and attorney of little note. In five years on the Court, Whittaker cast the deciding vote in no less than 41 cases, consistently taking the side against the extension of civil rights or personal liberty.

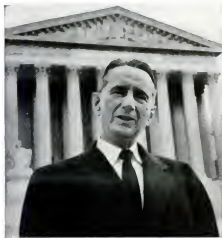


James C. McReynolds (1914-1941)

AND SOME FAILURES



James F. Byrnes (1941-1942)



Charles F. Whittaker (1957-1962)



A rare and revealing view
of Sweden's mysterious genius
Ingmar Bergman as he
makes 'The Touch,'
his first film in English

'I live at the edge

"I think it is very important that we are only 18 or 20 people working together," says Ingmar Bergman (above), his expressive hands emphasizing his words. "We sit down and we talk, and the electricians have the same right to tell what they like or dislike as I have. It is not just a profession for them, they are personally interested. A crew of 50 people can't be interested in that way." At right, in the front row wearing a white parka, he poses like a proud patriarch with *The Touch* film crew—his "friends," most of whom have worked on most of his movies. At his right are stars Bibi Andersson and Elliott Gould.



D by RICHARD MERYMAN

uring the winter of 1970, Ingmar Bergman's personal agent, Paul Kohner, met with Martin Baum, president of ABC Pictures, a subsidiary of American Broadcasting Companies. Kohner: "How would you like to have Ingmar Bergman's first film in English?" Baum: "Great! Give me the script!" Kohner: "There is no script." Baum: "Can I read the story?" Kohner: "There is no story in writing." Baum: "Then what do we do?" Kohner: "You've got to come to London where Bergman is directing a play and let him tell you the story. And you've got to be willing to make the commitment then without anything in writing." Baum (gulping): "OK." Kohner: "That's not all. There are people you report to. Bergman says you have to bring everybody who can say yes or no to the commitment." Baum (gulping twice): "OK."

Paul Kohner's proposition involved more than a million dollars—and under most circumstances would simply have provoked a chuckle about directors' egos. But Ingmar Bergman's 32 films include the radically innovative *Persona*, *Wild Strawberries*, *The Silence*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Winter*

Light, *Smiles of a Summer Night*. His movies deal with the ultimate themes of living—God, death, love, man, hate, isolation, truth, madness, sex, communication—and they have been a historic force behind today's regard for film as a serious medium for personal expression. Obsessive in his dissection of his own emotional life, Bergman has always explored on film the most private of his agonies and quandaries. But at the same time he has kept the everyday Mr. Bergman so remote that the source of all those remarkable films has remained a tantalizing mystery. Undoubtedly, to the ABC brass, one of the lures of Ingmar Bergman—beyond his success—was the chance to touch this remote and illusive genius. So, on May 2, 1970, there assembled for dinner in a private room of London's Connaught Hotel Ingmar Bergman; Leonard Goldenson, president of the entire ABC corporation; Sam Clark, vice-president for nonbroadcast activities; Larry Newton, vice-president for film distribution; Paul Kohner; Martin Baum—and Mrs. Baum.

When one first meets Bergman, the very first glance catches quite an ordinary-looking fellow, medium-sized, hair thinning on top. But then he moves and speaks—and the vitality pours forth. He is the kind of man who grabs your heavy suitcase and carries it despite your protests—and the sort

CONTINUED

of a very strange country'



Plymouth Cricket,
with more room
inside than Pinto,
Vega or VW. It's a
very big little car.



Coming through with the kind of car America wants.

WOBBLY DOOR KNOBS?

Hold 'em tight with genuine Plastic Wood. Handles like putty, hardens like wood. You can plane, sandpaper, varnish or paint it. In walnut, oak, mahogany or natural. In tube and can.



3-IN-ONE
PLASTIC WOOD

FAVORITE TOOLS RUINED?

You reach for a tool. But rust and tar-ish got to it first. Protect your investment with 3-in-One Household Oil. After cleaning, a rubdown with 3-in-One will help keep your tools rust-free. Save yourself the expense of repair and replacement. Keep 3-in-One alongside your tools.



3-IN-ONE
HOUSEHOLD OIL

Call Roto- Rooter®



and
away go troubles
down the drain!

At the first sign of drainage trouble, call your local Roto-Rooter Company. The Roto-Rooter man Razor-Kleens® any drain in your kitchen, laundry, basement or bathroom. Leaves 'em like new. There's only one Roto-Rooter. You'll find it listed in the phone book.

ROTO-ROOTER CORPORATION
West Des Moines, Iowa
* IN 502.04.04.



How he hypnotized moguls and sold his film

CONTINUED

whose words come to you conducted by graceful hands always in motion. Bergman is a man who, when he says no, can do it with a crudity that is almost obscene. Or he can say no, and immediately reach out and touch you—on the back of the hand, the shoulder—to reassure you that all will be well, that you must not be unhappy, dismayed. Either way, he exudes absolute, total finality.

He is a man who casts spells. When he describes a memory special to him, his voice takes on a hypnotic note. His gaze turns away from the listener. His eyes, permanently saddened by slightly drooping eyelids, seem to fill with a dreamy, mystical distance—the look of worlds and wisdoms long traveled. When he talks, though his English can be awkward, he achieves with a very uncomplicated vocabulary a special economy and precision. As one who has endlessly explored the complexities of life, he makes you feel with his tone of tolerance and sensibility that he has found for everything the simple answers.

When Bergman told the story of his film during dinner, he addressed himself almost entirely to Mrs. Baum, giving the men only peripheral attention. Describing the moment after Bergman finished, Martin Baum said, "We were to give our answer to Mr. Kohner in a few days. But I could see from the faces that he had sold everybody in the room. And my wife! With her he had scored a bull's-eye!"

Immediately, the ABC audience began to discuss casting. They talked about the role of "the outsider," Bergman's name for the English-speaking archaeologist who was the fulcrum of the plot. This man, a seminomad, comes to a small Swedish city to excavate near an ancient church. He meets the pretty, devotedly domestic wife of a successful, attractive physician, and has a violent affair with her. In the end, exhausted by the outsider's demanding childishness, she returns to repair the wreckage of her marriage. The assembled ABC officers made up their list of the most important American film actors of the right age: Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Elliott Gould, Dustin Hoffman. Bergman agreed to see sample films of these men and make a decision.

Two days later the deal was made with Kohner. ABC Pictures would pay \$1 million on delivery of the film's negative and also pay the salary of "the outsider"—ultimately \$200,000. Bergman would have a script in their hands by July 15, and would start shooting on Sept. 15. ABC would have absolutely no control over Bergman or the final cut of the film. That is a freedom commanded regularly only by a super exclusive group: virtually just Federico Fellini, Mike Nichols, Akira Kurosawa—and Bergman.

All of this scheduling conformed to Bergman's minutely time-tabled yearly routine. Bergman shoots a film almost every fall. Then, practically the same day film production ends, he begins directing one or more plays at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm. In the spring he starts writing his next movie. Then without a break he goes back to theater-directing until time to begin the weeks of meticulous preparation for the fall filming. There are no gaps, everything meshes, exquisitely scheduled.

There is very little socializing. Bergman has placed the execution of his art ahead of every other consideration in his life. In nonworking hours he is husbanding and storing up strength for the next day. There are very few friends with whom he can completely relax, and he is currently unmarried—though there have been many alliances and four marriages. He has remained on very good terms with all his former wives and has eight children. Every moment he does not have to be

CONTINUED



A great Fall day. A great group of friends.
And just enough of the whiskey that more people prefer:
Seagram's 7 Crown.

The clean, comfortable taste of 7 Crown belongs in a
world of good things. A world very much like yours.

Taste the best of America. Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

Seagram's 7 Crown. It fits right into your world.



The weather forecast: rain, snow and sleet. With driving wind.

It's coming. And you know it.
So does your home, if it could only
talk. And if it could, it'd be begging
for protection.

And that's where we enter
the picture. For we're Sherwin-Williams.



Name a surface, name a painting problem. We have a product that offers a solution.

Maybe you can go to the
Caribbean for the winter. But your
house can't.

It could be your last chance to
think about exterior painting. Which should mean it's
high time you visit your nearest Sherwin-Williams store.

For we have the paint—and the painting know-
how—you need.

Which adds
up to the coat of
protection your
house needs, no
matter where you
live.

We'll help
you pamper your
home. With the
right paint at
the right price.

Some people
think paint is paint is paint.

Fact is, we have many Sherwin-
Williams products 'specially blended
just for the exterior of your house.

Here's what we mean.



We haven't met a customer yet who'd need every product in
this picture. But most homeowners need one or another
of the products, sooner or later.



When the forecast says winter's coming, it's chilling news for a painted house too. Protect your home against Old Man Winter. The Sherwin-Williams way.

We have a special stain that's formulated for
rough-sawn or smooth wood. Latex house paints that
are perfect for autumn painting. A silicone
coating for masonry surfaces. And etc., etc., etc.

The idea is simple. We want to provide you
with the paint that's right for your house. At the
price that's right for your pocketbook.

If you care for your house, see the man
who cares for you.

We'd like to help you care for
your house.

So look in the Yellow Pages. And
visit your nearest Sherwin-Williams store.

It's more than a paint store.

And meant for the family
whose home is more than a house.

Sherwin-Williams. More than a paint store.



'My characters, they don't obey me. If they had to, they would die'

CONTINUED

in Stockholm, he is at his stone house on the tiny island of Farö. Just off the large island of Gotland, far out in the Baltic Sea, Farö is a three-hour air, auto and ferry trip from the mainland.

It was to Farö that he retired last May to write his script of *The Touch*, his movie for ABC. As in most areas of his life, his script-writing routines are rigid. Writing *The Touch*, he rose early each morning, made his breakfast, took a walk for an hour. Exactly at half past nine he sat down in his workroom at a plain table facing a windowless wall. He labored until precisely 3:30. He used blocks of lined yellow paper, writing in a very round, very personal, very hard-to-read hand. If he made a mistake, wanted to change something, he would not cross out and scratch in the new words, but instead would recopy the entire page. Once the script is printed up, he writes all over it, makes sketches, even doodles hearts on it.

Ingmar Bergman: Before I start the writing of the final script, I write and write and write books and books of notations. They are very personal: dialogues and discussions and personal expressions and situations, memories, things that have noth-

ing directly to do with the picture or with anybody but myself. It is very boring. I hate it. And afterward I throw everything away.

But I boil all that down in the final script. I put all those things together as in a dream—so you don't recognize anything. It's always thousands of details, and these combinations are emotionally stimulating to my creative mind. From these combinations I build a selective reality, a mirrored reality. Suddenly it's a newer reality.

My whole life I have trained my intuition. It's a sort of rail I travel the whole time. The first moment I meet you, my intuition starts to work inside—a computer that gives me information. I see how you move. I see your eyes, your face. I listen very much on the voice.

I used to have a feeling of mean and bad—a moralistic stomachache about all the time taking pictures in my mind. But you just have to accept that this has nothing to do with coldness or a twisted mind. It is just part of me and I can make something out of it. For example, the opening scene of *The Touch* is built on the death of an actor friend 15 years ago—but I did use one thing from my father's death. I saw my father 15 minutes after he died. The window was open and all

the sounds of life—buses, car horns—came from the outside. His head was turned toward the window. The eyes were closed, but not completely. The illusion was that he was looking far away. I found it so extremely strange and beautiful and full of secrets.

The most important thing in the creative job is to let your intuition tell you what to do. I am writing my script and I plan for this man that he will do such and such. I know that if he does not do such and such, all these other things in the plot will fall into pieces. But my intuition tells me suddenly that this man says he will *not* do such and such. So I ask the intuition why. And the intuition says, I never tell you why. You have to find out for yourself.

Then you go on a long, long safari in the jungle to follow where the intuition has directed. But if I refuse the intuition, then I have merely arranged things. So my characters, they don't obey me. They go their own way. If they had to obey me, they would die.

On exactly July 15, the day promised, Bergman's agent placed the script of *The Touch* in the hand of Martin Baum. It was essentially a 56-page novella, not at all in the conventional dialogue form. But every scene and line was there, surrounded by the moods and tones Bergman wanted. By that time the film had been cast. For the Swedish press, Bergman could draw upon what is virtually his private repertory company, a select elite of actors who have peo-

CONTINUED

THE WAY WE BUILD DISHWASHERS WE CAN AFFORD TO GIVE A GUARANTEE LIKE THIS.

"Buy one of our Power Scrub models from a participating GE Dealer. If you're not fully satisfied with its performance (and you'll be the judge), notify the dealer within 30 days of your purchase. He'll take back the dishwasher and refund your money. No questions asked!"

For 39 years, General Electric has been building dishwashers to work better. So you could work less.

So when we guarantee our Potwashers, we don't do it with long words and small print.

We don't have to. Because we know our dishwasher will do exactly what we say it'll do.

Clean your pots, casseroles, and dishes the way you like them cleaned. Or else.

To begin with, the things that cling to pots and pans no longer have to be scraped off with steel wool and elbow grease.

It's all done in the dishwasher.

A special heater keeps the water hot during an extra-long wash cycle.

It's part of what we call Power Scrub® cycle.

While hot water is loosening things up, 3 jet streams are blasting things off.

Like oatmeal.

Eggs.

Or baked-on macaroni.

And just to make sure a stray piece of oatmeal doesn't end up on the lip of your wine goblet, we flush it away.

With our soft-food disposer.

Which lies in wait at the bottom of the dishwasher. Gobbling up whatever comes its way. And spurring it back as a liquid.

Now you know why we don't worry about little things like a guarantee.

If you had our Potwasher®, you wouldn't worry about it, either.

We build everything as if we had to use it ourselves.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC



GE SERVICE
nation-wide,
always nearby.

*Guarantee good on your purchase of Top-Load Portable, Convertible or Built-In Potwasher, models SK500N, SK500P, SK160N through Dec. 31, 1977.

'What I found in Elliott was an impatience of the soul'

CONTINUED

pled film after film of his, and have become literally extensions of Bergman's imagination. For Andreas, the doctor, he chose Max von Sydow, who had appeared in ten Bergman movies. Karen, the wife, would be Bibi Andersson, one of Bergman's closest friends and veteran of nine films. After seeing *Getting Straight*, Bergman picked Elliott Gould to play David, "the outsider."

Ingmar Bergman: I'll tell you exactly what I found in Elliott. It was the impatience of a soul to find out things about reality and himself, and that is one thing that always makes me touched almost to tears, that impatience of the soul.

You can say it's childish, but then you can say Mozart was childish and Picasso is childish and Stravinsky was childish. As Christ said, if you are not as children, you will never come to heaven. I think all real artists have this childishness—they never feel that "now I am completed." They are always curious and they are always on their way and they are always impatient.

You know, I love actors by nature. Of course, they can bore me extremely—the same as they can be bored by me—but I think they are lovely. You know, if we are real people of the profes-

sion, we are related to each other because we have the same difficulties. We have the same longing for contact, for tenderness, for hard work, meaningful work. Actors are very, very delicate—very sensitive—and very tough.

Elliott Gould is one of the absolutely real actors. I think it is a catastrophe for the creative powers of this man just to make pictures, because he is also a Shakespearean actor, an Ibsen actor, a Strindberg actor. A wonderful Molière actor. He has this certain atmosphere, a certain mind, a certain sort of imagination, a certain thing you feel that the body of the actor is an instrument, and that he is conscious enough and talented enough to play on it perfectly—the whole time.

Elliott Gould was sent the script. "I read it," said Gould, "more intently than I've read anything in my life. I probably memorized it in one reading. And I got a migraine headache. It was a classic Bergman thing—so cellular and diagrammed and microscopic and universal. There were certain scenes which were wonderfully erotic, really intimate scenes which frightened me in terms of bringing myself to Bergman and conceivably having intercourse

while on camera. It was a very difficult thing for me to consider."

Gould turned down the role, insisting that he was "too ignorant" and could not "put myself into Bergman's hands totally." So a phone call was arranged. "In 90 seconds," said Gould, "he was just so reassuring, so interested, so enthusiastic. I knew that I trusted him. I felt that, regardless of my feelings. You never heard an eager man than myself, and on the other end of the phone a man more desirous of making me comfortable. He was just so sensitive, terrific."

Bergman's choice of Gould gives an insight into the director as well as into the actor. While the character of Karen was patterned after an acquaintance of Bergman's, he based David in part on what he regards as the explosive, childish, even boorish side of his own very split nature.



Max von Sydow: Ingmar has these special characters who are reincarnated from film to film. There is the very sensitive, very emotional person who cannot bear his own feelings. He is usually destroyed by the second type of character, the one who is emotionally inhibited by his intellect, who never has had any real emotional experience and longs to be almost the victim of an emotional explosion just in order to feel something. This shows, I guess, that Bergman is constantly struggling within himself between these two extremes.

Ingmar Bergman: The only thing I care to tell

CONTINUED

How to cook for a man

One thing's sure. 365 days a year, your man is hungry. Yet he's tired of hamburgers. And you're just plain tired. That's where Birds Eye comes in. With recipe ideas for one-dish meals that taste just great without much doing. Like this one, **Ham It Up.** Cook 1 package of Birds Eye® Small Onions with Cream Sauce. (It's one of 18 Birds Eye Prepared Vegetables. Beautiful small onions in an elegant cream sauce. Not a lump in sight.) Now layer 4 large slices each of ham, turkey, and Swiss cheese in a baking dish. Pour on the onions. And bake at 350° for 20 min. There it is—all ready to serve. A man's dish. But nice and easy. Serves 4.



Scott isn't stupid. But it took a smart teacher to recognize it.



What's wrong with Scott is what's wrong with at least one kid in almost every classroom.

Scott has a learning disability. A perceptual problem.

When he writes, the letters are mostly illegible shapes. When he does his arithmetic, the answers are usually incorrect.

If you wanted to guess how many kids have ever had a problem similar to Scott's, you could

start by counting many of the kids who've dropped out of school.

The sad part is this:

You can correct the problem if you spot it soon enough. Before a child has failed and been frustrated and lost his self-confidence.

So in 1969, Metropolitan Life began showing teachers and parents how to spot early signs of physical disorders that can interfere with a child's learning.

We produced a film called "Looking at Children," and a companion booklet.

Very often, they're the first time a child's teachers or parents ever see "backwardness" as a disability that can be corrected.

We'll send the film to your community group.

Write "Children," Metropolitan Life, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

You may have to wait, even with hundreds of prints of the film in constant circulation.

But the wait is worth it.

To keep a child's learning disability from becoming a life-long handicap.



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We sell life insurance.
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More monstrous pictures are taken with Blue Dot Flash than with all other brands combined.

Remember, Blue Dots for sure shots.

Blue Dot Magicubes
Blue Dot Flashcubes
Blue Dot Flashbulbs



GTE SYLVANIA

'I know my neuroses. I can talk to them'

CONTINUED

you about my tensions is that much of the eternal dialogue inside me is between the 50% of my mother and the 50% of my father I carry inside. Both were extreme and very strong personalities. They were married 52 years, but they did never understand a word one of them said to the other. They were as water and fire. I was always sensitive and I did not stand any pressure. That I got from my mother. But she had her enormous self-discipline from childhood. Women are always stronger in the way of bearing the pressure of a situation, of going on. My mother had no patience with us children because she educated us the whole time. She was an extremely intelligent, impatient woman, full of temper and extremely bright.

On my father's side, they have always been clergymen and farmers. From my father I think I have got some good red blood and my closeness to the landscape, to the seashore. I don't want to say anything bad about him, but I got from my father the most difficult qualities. He was a very dangerous man because he had a lot inside of him. He was a very good clergyman. I think I am that too, a little.

My education was insane, crazy, completely ridiculous. Here was God, King, Father, Family—this hierarchic construction in that order. Freedom did not exist. So it was necessary that education created not characters, but obeying machines. Brutality and cruelty were inevitable.

In Bergman's films, the characters constantly speak with his voice, articulating both Bergman recollections and philosophy. Their speeches give perhaps the best of all looks past the mystery and into the darkest corners of his mind. In *Hour of the Wolf* there is an artist, Johan—a deliberate self-portrait of Bergman. The film follows his descent into madness. In one scene Johan describes an incident at the hands of his parents, which is a true story from Bergman's own childhood.

"It was a kind of punishment," Johan tells. "They pushed me into the wardrobe and locked the door. It was silent and pitch dark. I was mad with fear and I pounded and kicked. You see, they had told me that a little man lived in there, and he could gnaw the toes off naughty children. When I stopped kicking, I heard something rustling in a corner. I struck out wildly to save myself from that little creature. I howled with terror and asked to be forgiven.

"At last the door was opened and I could step into the daylight. My father said, 'Mother tells me that you are sorry.' And I said, 'Yes, please forgive me.' 'Get ready on the sofa,' he said. I went up to the green sofa and arranged a pile of cushions. Then I fetched the cane, took down my pants, and bent over the cushions. Then father said, 'How many strokes do you deserve?' And I said, 'As many as possible.' Then he came—hard—but not unbearably. When it was over, I turned to mother and asked: 'Can you forgive me now?' She wept—and said, 'Of course I forgive you.' She put out her hand . . . and I kissed it."

Ingmar Bergman: You know *Hour of the Wolf*? It's not a very good picture, but it's a very personal picture. What I talked about was the demons, the friends who become

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The English language brings out the best in the Irish. They court it like a beautiful woman. They make it bray with donkey laughter. They hurl it at the sky like a paintpot full of rainbows, and then make it chant a dirge for man's fate and man's follies that is as mournful as misty spring rain crying over the fallow earth. Rarely has a people paid the lavish compliment and taken the subtle revenge of turning its oppressor's speech into sorcery.

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friendly, and started to destroy that man. I think it had very much to do with my own fear of them—but I will never let them do that.

I wrote *Hour of the Wolf* in a very quiet room. I never have any sun in the room where I write. I was sleeping in this room too, and after a few weeks I had to stop. The demons would come to me and wake me up and they would stand there and talk to me. It was very strange.

I live at the edge of a very strange country and I don't know what will happen. There is a real problem in my character which is no secret: I am extremely aggressive. Disciplined aggressivity can be a very good thing in my profession. It's a good horse. And of course that is very much in my films. But I have a fascination to the brutality and cruelty in life because I feel a relation to the power of cruelty. It's a very dangerous thing to carry. It's a sort of dynamite inside.

But I know my neuroses and I can say hello to them and I talk to them and I have them under control. I am extremely healthy. My doctor thinks I will be 110.

I never use drugs or alcohol. The most I drink is a glass of wine and that makes me incredibly happy. Music is always there, every day, every night, and this is absolutely necessary for me. If I had to choose between losing my eyes or ears—I would keep my ears. I can't imagine anything more terrible than to have my music taken away from me. It is my most important stimulation, it gives me impressions. When I am completely sleepless, then I have a very good friend in music. Johann Sebastian Bach gives me a lot always, but I am extremely stimulated by modern music—the Rolling Stones. The most rough, brutal, aggressive pop music I put on so the walls almost shake.

Though he was contractually obliged to spend only four weeks at work on *The Touch*, Elliott Gould went to Stockholm three weeks early so he and Bergman could get acquainted. They were to meet at 8:30 the first night and go to dinner. Gould had been warned that Bergman was such a demon for promptness that he was always five minutes early, a habit ground into him by his father. Precisely at 8:30 Gould and his girl, Jenny Bogart, descended to the lobby of the Grand Hotel.

Elliott Gould: We went downstairs and he was there. He
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In his Stockholm apartment, a delighted Bergman talks about his fight with a newspaper theater critic who often criticized his directing. With one punch Bergman knocked him into the theater wings. Said Bergman, "A very nice feeling to hit him in the jaw."



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'My greatest fear is to be locked in a tiny space'

CONTINUED

must have been pacing—with his little windbreaker and sweater. We just walked toward one another and immediately hugged each other. Then we looked at one another's eyes. I guess we always were brothers. I don't know why. Maybe he recognized an ignorant sensitivity and deep kind of feeling in me that he knows. Perhaps he also recognized an innocence which I still don't understand.

Gould and Jenny Bogart spent the weekend at Bergman's house on his island of Farö. Invited guests, especially foreigners, are extremely rare. Farö, the last Swedish land before the Soviet Union, is a military reservation, and complicated official permission was needed for their visit.

During the weekend Bergman showed them *The White Sheik*, one of the earliest films of his favorite moviemaker, Fellini. It was part of Bergman's very large private collection of films, including his own, which he reruns to study and learn from. They toured the island, and at one point Bergman asked what was Gould's greatest fear. "Not being what somebody I cared about expected me to be," Gould said. "Mine is to be locked in a tiny space," said Bergman.

Bibi Andersson: I think Ingmar's island mirrors his own personality. Now this island is extremely poor, so he feels as though he is flowering there because everything is gray—the stones, the crippled little trees that can hardly grow because it's constantly blowing. There are flowers but small, dry flowers. The island is so old, it's ageless. No feeling of time. Nothing has happened there for hundreds of years. The people look the same as they have for centuries. The only animals are sheep. They come and look in through his windows, and on the seashore—there's no sand, just rocks—there are the white bones of dead sheep. I think from this island he can start.

He has built there on this terribly uncomfortable island a cozy little world surrounded by a stone wall. It is very strange because when you come in through these walls, you have a feeling that you have neighbors and people around, because it's very warm—all yellow and wood. He has a swimming pool there. You have a feeling you can pick up a telephone and go to a neighbor. And then you go out and there is empty land all over.

Ingmar Bergman: My island is so good for me. The atmosphere, the people, the landscape, the sea, the rhythm of my life there—life and reality have their right proportions. I will try to explain. If I go to the Royal Dramatic Theater and I start rehearsal and I am very angry on that morning, suddenly the whole theater knows. Four hundred people say Bergman has a bad temper—oh, how terrible. I can suddenly have the feeling that I am somebody and that my mood is very important.

If I have a bad temper on the island and I go to the seashore and perhaps I scream or something, then the only thing that happens is that maybe a bird flies off and says, *Waaa, waaa*. So here is the exact position, Mr. Bergman, of your life, of your importance.

That gives a security, a sort of rest. I think it's very

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'When I have to meet new people, I always feel scared to death'

CONTINUED

healthy for grown-up people to learn their exact proportions on earth, very good for the creative job. Then that will be more proportional.

Elliott Gould toured Europe for a week and returned to begin the shooting of *The Touch*. He joined an almost impenetrably closed circle—Bergman's film crew, his so-called "18 friends." Almost all of them—the electrician, the clapperboy, the continuity director, costume designer, cinematographer, etc.—have been with Bergman for 15, 18, 20 years and are as reflexive and as sure as the fingers on his hand. At the same time they are expected to have a strong say in the making of the film, especially in the weeks of preparation for every contingency, and in the testing on film of every possible combination of color in costume and props. "A film," says Bergman, "is selected reality." Everything in a Bergman movie is done by conscious, explored decision; nothing left to chance; complete control.

Max von Sydow: In Ingmar's films there are always moments of subtle humiliation. In *The Pas-*

sion of Anna, for example, I as Andreas visit the other man, Ellis, in his studio and he keeps photographing me. The way he does it becomes a strange, terrible torture—again and again, keeps on forever—till there is an eerie quality in it. "Don't move. No. No. Turn your head like that. Look that way. Hold your breath"—and you are kind of hypnotized and humiliated.

What does that tell me about Ingmar? It tells me about a man who is very sensitive and very afraid of being handled by other people. A man who is very anxious to stay in command and who is very good at being in command—who worries terribly beforehand when, for example, he makes a movie; who is so terribly well prepared from every angle about every little detail just in order to avoid every risk of being caught offhand by situations—to keep control of everything.

Ingmar Bergman: I try always to do things that are familiar to me. I always feel scared to death when I have to meet new people. When I travel out of Sweden, I feel exhausted, unhappy, insecure. So the technical solution is to regulate my life just so . . . very orderly . . . ritual. That

keeps my tensions in balance, keeps this heavy, difficult thing inside me from starting to roll. It's like a ship in a storm. If the cargo shifts, the ship will get wet. I think if I let my routine go, in a few weeks the catastrophe would be complete. I mean some sort of self-destruction.

You know, somebody studying sleep discovered that if they prevent you from dreaming, you go crazy. It is completely the same with me. If I could not create my dreams—my films—that would make me completely crazy.

Dreams are a sort of creative process, don't you think? My films come from the same factory. They are like dreams in my mind before I write, and they are made from the same materials, from everything I have ever seen or heard or felt. I use reality the same way dreams do. Dreams seem very realistic—and so do my films—and there is a certain security in that reality. And then something happens that disturbs you, that makes you insecure.

All my films are dreams. When I was very little I was happy because I lived in dreams. I was alone and I built puppet theaters and puppets. Sometimes I used to mix up what had happened—what was reality and what had been my dreams—and that would give me trouble with my mother and father. After I saw my first motion picture—it was *Black Beauty*—I was so excited I was in bed three days with a fever.

On the set Elliott Gould fitted right in: each morning he was totally prepared and took everything very seriously. Bergman always had a box of Droste's chocolates, and it was a little bit of an honor when he offered one. It became very special to Gould that after lunch he would get two or three pieces.

They all enjoyed the down in Gould, who was once a song-and-dance man. He had them all flipping three pennies off their hands and trying to catch them one at a time. A basketball nut, he and the crew and Max von Sydow played half-court games. Gould would sing in his deep basso voice, and sometimes Gould and Bergman would sing and dance together. "Suddenly," says Gould, "it was like we were all kids."

Bibi Andersson: I love Ingmar. I've known him for 17 years. I admire him for just being alive, because all through these problems he has with himself, he has not grown mentally old and deformed himself. He's marvelous to have to your house because he appreciates everything. And he can be so childlike. For me that is very touching.

We have this loving laugh about Ingmar because he has this silly little private life. He's been wearing the same shoes for 15 years. I think that's

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'One thing that puts me off is the "honor" of working for Bergman'

CONTINUED

very funny. He brushes them so carefully and it doesn't show. Since I know him, he is wearing the same sweater, the same jacket—but they're kept so neat. It's not a gimmick, something he puts on for effect or show. It's that everything should be comfortable.

He constantly eats the same lunch. It doesn't change. It's some kind of whipped sour milk, very fat, and strawberry jam, very sweet—a strange kind of baby food he eats with corn flakes. He says his stomach cannot take any other food, but we all know there's nothing wrong with his stomach and that he just has to make this terror to everyone that he has stomach pain.

It was so funny. He kept talking to Elliott Gould about how healthy this lunch was and he should have it. Poor Elliott, he was so polite and he was eating this stuff, saying, "Oh, I love it." Then Ingmar said, "Now Elliott is going to have this every day for lunch because he loves it." And we all laughed because nobody can eat that except Ingmar.

I can joke about his sour cream and strawberry jam—at the same time he's eating that, he has a film going on in his mind like *The Seventh Seal* or *Persona*—things I admire so much, they're too far beyond me even to talk about. Maybe I can participate in them, but I could never invent them in my whole life. If he was just eating the jam, I wouldn't love him.

To Bergman, the atmosphere on the movie set is crucially important. The actors, a breed regularly haunted by self-doubts and paranoia, must feel completely secure and respected. It is somehow communicated that simply because he, Bergman, has chosen them for the roles, then there is no possibility that they will fail. Therefore, they will trust Bergman completely. All the niggling preparation, the sense that every contingency has been anticipated, surrounds the actor with a security, a good feeling each morning that everything is clean and ready. No outsiders are allowed on the set, so that the actors feel they are watched only by friends. "The actor," says Bergman, "delivers his inner self at all times. If you feel scared, or insecure, or feel there's something wrong with your nose, or with your saying this, or wrong with this gesture, you deliver nothing. But if the actor is in an atmosphere of security, he opens up like a flower." During *The Touch*, Bergman devoted himself constantly to Gould. They spent hours together, mainly Gould talking and Bergman listening.

Elliott Gould: Like Bibi said to me when I got to Sweden, Ingmar brings out the best in his actors. It was everything and far more than I had thought—plus dreams I wouldn't dare have. Bergman's universe is so magnificent that to bring my ignorance to him and let him use me while he was loving me... I mean, it was an experience that... that's sublime. Bergman is sublime.

After one scene where I had to hit Bibi, which was really hard for me, and knock her down and go crazy screaming at her, Bergman asked if sometime I would play Othello—and I thought, Jesus Christ, I said, "Olivier was fantastic as Othello." Bergman said, "Yes, he played Othello fantastically. But you could be Othello." I thought, that man, I'd be a snake for him. I would go there and play a box.

He never talks to you about psychology, only specifics. He is never patronizing. When there were really neurotic, complicated things to be done, he would say something. On the next take I would feel almost as if my ribs opened a little bit and something that maybe happened to me when I was 2 would fill in the cracks between the lines. When the take was over, I would get the chills. I would feel very cold and know that I really allowed myself to be touched and that he took that extra thing he felt was there beneath my being a copycat. I'm a brilliant copycat.

Once I went to him for help and I put my arms around him. And he put his arms around me. He said to me, "Don't contract your muscles. Be open even to emptiness because then whatever does come will be real." And it was just so simple and true—I could have cried.

On Monday, May 3, 1971, exactly one year from that dinner at the Connaught Hotel in London, the same cast of ABC officials assembled to see the finished film of *The Touch*. Bergman himself was absent—to spare them embarrassment if they were disappointed. They loved the film and had a big celebration lunch. That afternoon, assured that all was well,

Bergman met with them and heard their enthusiasm. In his pleasure and relief, reports Martin Baum, Bergman was positively boyish.

On Friday, May 14, Bergman, Bibi Andersson and Elliott Gould were to be taped with Dick Cavett in Stockholm. Gould had flown to London a week early, expecting to go to Sweden and spend some time with Bergman before the taping.

But to Bergman, *The Touch* was now past history. And he was, by his strict routine, writing his fall film. No invitation was forthcoming. In a final interview given shortly after his return from London, Gould's feelings about Bergman had become suddenly very complicated.

Elliott Gould: When I was in London last week I telephoned Bergman. And you know I don't ever call anybody. It was at night and I woke him up. I said, "Listen, I'm here and I don't want to wait for a week to see you." And he said he couldn't see me—so I said, screw me, and I went home to New York.

It just disappointed me a little because I'm his friend, and he tells me that I'm his favorite little brother in the world, and it was a bit of a lonely time for me. But it's true, like I said from London, any time you want me, just send me a toothpick and I'll be there. What I long for is contact, and he makes moves out of contact.

One of the things that puts me off is the "honor" of acting for Bergman. So an American actor went and worked with this brilliant man. I don't think he's terribly important anymore. As far as young people and the revolution that I go on here, well, I've seen *The Touch* and I told Ingmar it is really quality, but I'm not that impressed.

Sure, he's understanding but it's not good enough just to understand. He's not nice. That's a quote from Ingmar Bergman, and it's true. He's not nice. But he's smart. Bergman is a boy. He's the most brilliant, magnificent, sensitive little boy, and he knows it and he plays it.

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To achieve the relationship he felt was essential—and to know what the actor had inside to express on camera—Bergman spent many hours listening to Gould talk.



'We make a thing for people to use. It is very simple and very brutal'

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and God knows I'm a littler boy than he is—but not as mean as him.

I'm just disappointed by perhaps his limitations. I mean, he's been there so long, in his way biting his nails—God knows I respect anxiety—but I think he ought to get out of Sweden. I know I could show him things he never dreamed of. On the other hand, maybe this film with an American actor, in English, with American money is his passport to other things. Don Giovanni! I really would like to do that before I do Ortelio.

When *The Touch* opened in New York, the major reviews were very evenly distributed between enthusiastic, respectful and disappointed. In some cases Gould's performance was admired, but more frequently it was criticized as not believable. Often it was suggested that Gould was defeated by banal lines written by a Bergman whose Swedish ear was not tuned to detect English clichés.

Yet almost every reviewer felt that the film—even if flawed—was still the work of a master.

The day of the opening, Elliott Gould telephoned Bergman to tell him there were lines outside the theater. During a lengthy and warm exchange, Bergman apologized to a very pleased Gould for his brusqueness during their last call.

Ingmar Bergman: The only judge of my work that is interesting to me is what a few friends think and what I think. Sometimes, yes, I am too obscure. But my function is not to explain everything, is not to say every minute to feel this way, that way. I do not imprison emotions, rape them. My job is just to start your emotions and then give them food. But I have no problems with the public. I can assure you that the producers, the people who give the money to buy the picture from me, they don't come to me only for my beautiful eyes.

My main passion—it is a need—is to make con-

tact with people, to influence them, touch them physically and mentally. My pictures are my way of making contact. When you are making a film, you are part of a group. If you are a relatively inhibited, shy, timid person like me who has trouble establishing deeper relations, it is wonderful to live in that intimate little world. These are the only reasons for me to go on like this.

Penguins want to be together, to touch each other, to talk together and take walks together. If you have just one penguin, you can feed him and you can talk to him, but he dies because he has nobody else to be in contact with. I feel extremely like a penguin.

I am not interested in making masterpieces of art under the sign of eternity. I and my crew, my 18 friends, we are like one body and all together we make the piece of craftsmanship. We make a thing—like a car or a table or a part of the road—a thing for people to use. It's very simple and very brutal.

Freddy the Great, the Prussian king, his architect built a wonderful castle called Sans Souci. When the king saw it for the first time, the poetite men around him said, "Look what you have achieved, Your Majesty." And the king said, "God in Heaven, have I done all this?" I have the same feeling sometimes when I read those people who analyze my films.

Perhaps I should say this about my work. I think we have this dirty, cruel, wonderful, marvelous life—and when it is completed, life is simply switched off and it will not hurt. That is my religion. That makes me secure and happy to know. When I believed in some strange God or a life after this life, I felt anxious and scared and upset.

But there is something wonderful: that for thousands and thousands of years, all our fear, all our hopes, the sighs and longings have crystallized a certain religious feeling inside, an eternal gift from all those generations. So when you hear one of the last symphonies by Mozart or Bach or a play by Strindberg, suddenly the roof opens up to something that is bigger than the limitations of the human being. That makes me very happy. That is a treasure we carry with us. To make a film is to try to open up the roof—so we can breathe.

There is a final piece of Ingmar Bergman which may make it possible for him to survive the inner intensity, the agonizing pace of his work. In a tiny, sunny corner of himself, Bergman is bemused by being Bergman. It is a niche where he does not take himself and his art so very seriously. It is the part which makes him say so often about film-making, "We play the game together."

In *Hour of the Wolf*, speaking through Johan, Bergman sums himself up: "I call myself an artist for lack of a better name. In my creative work, nothing is important except compulsion. Through no fault of mine, I've been pointed out as a freak. I've never fought to attain that position. And I shan't fight to keep it. I felt megalomaniac waft about my brow, but I think I'm immune. I've only to consider the utter unimportance of art in the world of men—and I come back to earth with a bump. But the compulsion remains."

In a reflective moment during *The Touch*, Bergman awaits the opinion of his cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, on the framing of a shot. Nykvist, who has done 12 films with Bergman since 1953, is as committed as the director to total preparation. In *The Touch* he spent days with Bibi Andersson testing on film the reds of 12 different coats against many shades of makeup.



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Young artists from Russia and the U.S. show that imagination is universal

Who Painted What?

Children who grow up halfway around the world from one another might be expected to find very different ways of expressing themselves. In terms of imagination, however, Russian and American children have more in common than most people would guess. For the past six months an exhibit of 50 paintings by Leningrad schoolchildren has been touring the U.S. under the sponsorship of an organization called the Citizen Exchange Corps. Just before the show reached Houston and Seattle, American children in those cities were asked to paint some pictures of their own that could be hung alongside. The result was surprising similarities in style and subject matter. Can you tell which of these paintings are by American children and which are by the Russians? Answers on the next page.

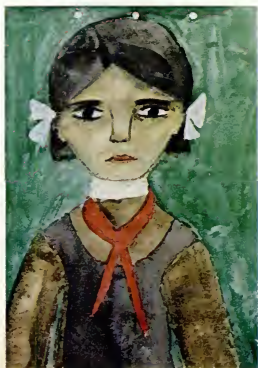


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CHILDREN'S FACES



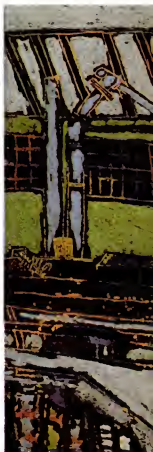
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Ideas from fairy tales and space

Like their American counterparts, Soviet children enjoy illustrating episodes from fairy tales and their paintings bear such labels as *The Little Finger Boy* (the Russian equivalent of *Tom Thumb*), *Little Redcap* and *Cat in Boots*. East and West, all find the zoo and the circus major sources of inspiration. Ferocious-looking beasts cavort in the paintings of both groups, though many more bears appear in the Russian exhibit. The young Russians also portrayed cosmonauts dancing on the moon and farm workers gathering in cabbages. Many snowmen and snowwomen, penguins and polar bears populate the landscapes of the children of Leningrad which, not surprisingly, tend to be more wintry than those of the children of Houston.

The Russian art: one, five, four, five, eight, ten

WILD HORSES



7



8

STILL LIFES



9



10

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PARTING SHOTS

Joan Crawford refuses to play Miss Mushy Mouth

Surround yourself with happy colors like shocking pink. Avoid sarcasm. Be a giver not a taker, learn to camouflage the points you don't like about yourself and, in planning a menu, never never put a red vegetable next to a yellow one. "It looks unappetizing."

This is Joan Crawford's formula for the complete femme, which she has tape-recorded into a breezy handbook of social savvy just published as *Joan Crawford: My Way of Life*.

Just before she embarked last week on a 16-city tour to publicize the book, I met Miss Crawford in her \$500,000 Manhattan apartment. She was wearing not quite shocking-pink lounging pajamas and, because no photographers were around, very little makeup. She sipped a vodka and tonic and served hors d'oeuvres, green next to green, from the cocktail table.

She managed to dictate most

of the book, she said, during her travels: three million miles to open new bottling plants for Pepsi Cola, of which she is a director and the widow of a former board chairman.

In case you missed her autobiography nine years ago, which old friend Hedda Hopper dismissed as less than forthright, this is your chance to hear her speak from experience on making friends with one's husband, influencing his business associates, and still remaining the perfect lady.

There are some contradictions in the book. She tells us that "a rigid schedule makes me suspect insecurity of some kind." Six pages later she's explaining, "I like everything to be scheduled down to the second."

But such inconsistency becomes a star, and Joan Crawford (63 years, 86 movies) is one of the last of that fiercely loyal and nearly extinct tribe who spend their



Joan Crawford, traveling lady

golden years tuning in each other on the late show and occasionally attending their own film festivals.

Another who survives is Bette Davis, with whom Miss Crawford is often compared, though not by Miss Crawford. "I'm the quiet one," she told me, "and Bette's explosive. I have discipline. She doesn't. I don't know who suffers the most. Holding it in is an awful thing. Believe me, I know."

Is that why she wrote the book?

A momentary frown, as she decided whether to camouflage the point. Then candor won out.

"I was asked to write it," she said. "Here, have some oaks. [Husky laughter.] Certain men like the book, you know. One man called me up one morning to tell me he took me to bed with him and I said, 'That's the second man, and damn it, I haven't felt a thing yet.' [More husky laughter.] Look, I tell women how to treat their fellas in there too, you know, and how to be romantic about it and never mind the kids crawling over daddy the minute he gets home from work."

Pausing, Miss Crawford fed cheese puffs to Princess Lotus Blossom, her Shih Tzu lap puppy. Then she spoke of Joan Crawford, star eternal, white-collar lady, sometime stranger: "I often have to handle me with kid gloves. I always treat me as another person. I don't like all the things I do. Sometimes I lose my temper, and I don't like that. But if I'm a Miss Mushy Mouth all the time, I wouldn't like that either."

THOMAS MOORE

For Chet Huntley, few worries over a herd of elk

When a local opponent of his Big Sky recreation project cornered him in a motel lobby recently, Chet Huntley listened with growing impatience. Finally he cut the man off. "You, sir"—the voice that thrilled millions of TV news watchers has not lost its resonance—"are marching majestically backward from conclusion to fact."

If the response was less than gracious, it did typify Huntley's short-fused attitude toward criticism of Big Sky, a \$15 million year-round development high in the Montana Rockies. As a boy he fished there, and since his retirement last year from NBC, he has devoted himself to Big Sky's success.

His welcome home was not as warm as he had hoped. Montanans suspected him of fronting for eastern money, a dirty word in the populist West. The conservationists were justifiably worried about

the damage his project would inflict. Reassuringly, Huntley and his associates vowed that utility lines would be buried, roads limited and, where possible, kept in gravel. Snowmobiles would be banned, and Big Sky's sewer system would be the best in the state.

For a time, the outcry against Huntley's project threatened to scuttle it. But he barnstormed the state in a small plane, telling the Lions and Rotarians and chambers of commerce that Big Sky would pour in \$100 million and provide 400 permanent jobs.

"Damn it," he says, "we can't build a fence around Montana. We're a depressed area. Eighty percent of our college graduates are leaving, and this year they're cutting back university money. There are no jobs, and we're not going to get heavy industry. Tourism is our best hope."

His bare-knuckle fight to win

approval for Big Sky has nudged Chet Huntley noticeably over to the political right. The reasoned liberalism of the evening news has given way to statements about "90-day-wonder ecologists" and "smart-alec editors" who are "too slick, too opinionated."

"We can't starve man to provide for a herd of elk," he says. "I can't believe that Big Sky is a real ecological fear. It's a fear of the profit system, that we'll make a dollar."

After a walkout over employment of a nonunion crew, Huntley has taken to stalking around his project, mentally noting the length of workers' coffee breaks. "Productivity," he says gloomily, "has not been increasing."

Huntley and his wife, Tippy, a former TV weather girl, lead a secluded life in Montana. His office is a windowless cubicle which shelters him from autograph-seeking tourists. The Huntleys rarely accept local invitations for cocktails or bridge. They would like to see more of their friends from back East, and were disappointed when David Brinkley had to cancel

his plans to visit this summer.

Huntley has told friends he is delighted to be out from under the pressure of deadlines, network politics and martini lunches. Escape hasn't done much for his waistline, however. He reluctantly admits that he still weighs in at a pudgy 210 pounds.

RICHARD WOODBURY



Chet Huntley, against the big sky

An unusual experiment at Stanford dramatizes the brutality of prison life

'I almost considered the prisoners as cattle'



Guards at the mock prison wore uniforms and, to lessen eye contact with inmates, sunglasses

The bloodshed inside San Quentin and Attica has forced the nation to ask whether prison life in America today can avoid brutalizing both inmates and their guards.

An unusual experiment conducted at Stanford University in August, before either of those prison rebellions took place, suggests that brutalization is all but inevitable. For the experiment, Psychology Professor Philip Zimbardo, advised by an ex-convict, asked volunteers to spend 14 days in a mock but grimly realistic prison.

He got recruits through ads in the Palo Alto and campus newspapers, offering \$15 a day as bait. Applicants were screened, and those with medical or psychological problems eliminated. Zimbardo ended up with a group of 21 middle-class educated young men, all white except for one Oriental. Eleven of them were chosen at random as guards. The ten designated as prisoners were picked up at their homes by the Palo Alto police on "charges" of assault with a deadly weapon. They had not been expecting such a public "arrest" (some neighbors offered sympathy to their families), and most of them were anxious from the start. They were frisked, handcuffed and driven to police headquarters. There they were blindfolded and taken to cells at an undisclosed location—in reality, the basement of Jordan Hall, Stanford's psychology building,

which had been converted into a prison with metal bars, cots, and buckets as toilets.

The guards wore khaki uniforms and reflecting sunglasses to make themselves more impersonal. They carried billy clubs, whistles and handcuffs. The day before the experiment began, they had met to draft a set of prison regulations.

The rules were tough. When prisoners arrived, they were ordered to strip, and then skin-searched, sprayed with delousing powder and dressed in the prison uniform, a numbered smock. Although Zimbardo could not require the prisoners to shave their heads, he did order them to wear stocking caps at all times.

During meals, rest periods and after the 10 p.m. lights out, prisoners were forbidden to speak. Every night at 2:30, they were rousted out for a head count. Almost immediately the prisoners began to rebel against this treatment.

"When they woke us up that first night," said Jim Rowney, a freshman at neighboring Berkeley, "I realized this was not going to be a relaxing two weeks. I started to think of ways to escape, or counter the experiment."

Others were plotting similar resistance. On the second day, the prison erupted with a series of spontaneous disturbances. Some inmates barricaded the door with their beds. Others ripped off their numbers and refused to eat.

The guards, also beginning to act spontaneously, were so upset that they set out to forestall any further rebellion. They did so by pitting the inmates against one another. In a cell that contained a sink, the guards turned the water on as a treat and also gave the prisoners in that cell a special meal. The men in the other cells received nothing at all to eat.

The technique worked perfectly," said Professor Zimbardo. "The prisoners no longer had solidarity. This is what guards do within the prison system. That's why racism and homosexuality are tolerated, to set prisoners against each other and not against the establishment." The reaction of prisoner Rowney was typical. "If we had gotten together then, I think we could have taken over the place. But when I saw the revolt wasn't working, I decided to toe the line. Everyone settled into the same pattern. From then on, we were really controlled by the guards."

In triumph some of the guards turned sadistic, abusing the prisoners verbally and physically. One kept a man in the "hole" for three hours instead of the prescribed one hour; and would have left him there all night if one of Zimbardo's assistants had not intervened. Michael Vern, 24, a Stanford graduate student, hardly re-



Prisoners were blindfolded before arriving at the prison. Their uniform was a shapeless smock.



Outside a cell, a guard gestures angrily at an inmate who was complaining about the lateness of his meal.

Prisoners were allowed to take rest periods in their cells (below), but were forbidden to speak during them.



alized how brutally he had acted as a guard until the experiment was over. "I was surprised at myself. I was a real crumb. I made them call each other names and clean out the toilets with their bare hands. I practically considered the prisoners cattle, and I kept thinking I have to watch out for them in case they try something."

Professor Zimbardo watched what was happening with increasing alarm. On the second day, one prisoner complained of stomach pains and headache and wanted to see a doctor. Appealing privately to an assistant, the prisoner broke down and cried uncontrollably for half an hour.

On the next two days, two more prisoners complained of the same symptoms, and they, too, lapsed into nearly hysterical weeping.

On the fifth day, still another student broke out in a head-to-toe rash after his "parole," a request to be released early, was turned down.

"I knew by then," said Zimbardo, "that they were thinking like prisoners and not like people. If we were able to demonstrate that pathological behavior could be produced in so short a time, think what damage is being done in 'real' prisons like Attica and San Quentin."

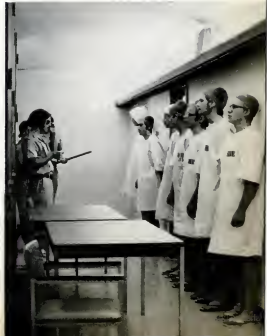
The experiment was scheduled to continue for two weeks. On the sixth day, a thoroughly shaken Professor Zimbardo called it off.

NANCY FABER

Since physical punishment was banned, the guards made prisoners do push-ups for breaking rules.



Prisoners line up for the 2:30 a.m. head count. As harassment, some were then kept up for hours.





'Happy days' are here again in South Vietnam



"The building of democracy" is what President Nguyen Van Thieu (center) proudly called the South Vietnamese elections last week, after he had rolled up 94.3% of the vote for reelection. As the pictures on this page show, there were some problems. Demonstrators protesting the one-man election clashed with police, and there were scuffles, beatings and arrests here and there. Nay-sayers complained that Thieu had muscled all opposition off the ballot, that voters had to walk a gauntlet of weapons and hostile-eyed Thieu supporters to cast their not-very-secret ballots, and that those ballots were counted by Thieu's own people. All this failed to ruffle Thieu, any more than did the futile embarrassment of the U.S. government, which up to now has invested 45,000 American lives to make South Vietnam safe for his kind of democracy-building.

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